HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 2024.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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HE TURNED TOO SHORT—A POLO INCIDENT.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

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MORALITY IN THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

IT may be regarded as a sign of the revival of conscience in politics when the utterances put forth by political organizations in their platforms meet those standards of truth and sincerity which are maintained by honorable men in private as well as in public life. We had encouraging instances of this last year in this city, furnished by the platforms of the Committee of Seventy and of the Good Government Clubs. These platforms were models of candor and fairness. Their denunciations of the evils to be attacked and their arraignments of the persons responsible for those evils were severe, but just. Their promises as to the reforms to be effected left nothing to desire in point of honesty of purpose. They aimed at nothing but the public good, regardless of party or personal advantage. There was no claptrap, no vote-catching pretence, no disguise, and no deception. If those promises were not all fulfilled, it was not the fault of those who made the platforms, and they sincerely deplore the failures.

We regret to say that if we apply the same standard to the platform recently put forth by the Republican State Convention of New York, the verdict will be different. "Morality" was proclaimed to be the ruling interest in the resolution concerning the Sunday law, which was sprung upon the convention and added to the platform against the original programme of the managers. But in the body of the platform the plainest injunctions of "morality," in the ordinary acceptation of the term, are violated with startling recklessness. "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is one of the fundamental commandments. Every honest man knows that false witness may be borne by concealing that which is true, as well as by saying that which is not true. It would be interesting to hear how any conscientious Republican can defend, in the light of that commandment, the common morality of some of the most important utterances of the convention.

The platform denounces the WILSON tariff "as the first step accomplished in the campaign for the annihilation of American industries begun by GROVER CLEVELAND in December, 1887." A "campaign" means the carrying on of an operation according to a premeditated plan for the accomplishment of a certain object. To charge GROVER CLEVELAND with having in December, 1887, "begun the campaign for the annihilation of American industries" means to charge him with having issued his famous tariff-reform message with malice aforethought in order that American industries should be annihilated. Can there have been a single member of the committee on resolutions, or of the convention, were he ever so fanatical or obtuse a partisan, who could honestly suspect an American President of a design to annihilate the industries of his country? This is not only a vile but a preposterous calumny. The defenders of this platform will perhaps retire behind the pretence that the "annihilation of American industries" was not meant to have been the purpose, but merely the consequence of the "campaign." But this will leave the platform in no better position; for, in point of fact, as every sane person knows and admits, American industries have *not* been annihilated, nor do they show the slightest sign of approaching annihilation. On the contrary, they are very much alive—so much so, indeed, that, as some time ago the president of that very convention, the youthful LEXOW, expressed himself, if the industrial revival goes on as it has begun, it will prove that the Republicans were altogether wrong in speaking of the necessity of a protective tariff. Every member of the convention, therefore, must have known that what their platform said of the annihilation of American industries was simply a lie out of the whole cloth.

The further assertion of the platform that "the dawn of returning prosperity" is owing to the "Republican victories of 1894," stands upon the same level of "morality." Can any one who drafted or voted for that platform have been childish enough to believe a falsehood of such exquisite silliness? We are to understand that the industries of the country have been annihilated, or at least have been put in process of annihilation, by the WILSON tariff, but that they have been revived by "the Republican victories of 1894." Have those Republican victories in any way changed the Wilson tariff? No. The tariff has remained the same, and it is absolutely certain that, whatever the result of the Presidential election next year may be, it will remain substantially the same for at least two years longer, for President CLEVELAND will not permit it to be changed in the protectionist interest. In the face of this we are told that American business men, shrewd and unsentimental as they are, have begun buying more merchandise, and starting more mills, and employing more laborers, and producing more goods, and setting on foot a business boom generally, with no other inducement than a vague expectation of something that may happen no sooner than two years hence, and is then very uncertain to happen, considering the possible vicissitudes of politics, which have of late been rather rapid and startling. Immoral recklessness of assertion can hardly be carried to a higher point.

And what remedy does the platform propose for this state of things, which by its evident symptoms of improvement drives the distressed Republican politicians to such absurdities? "With the complete return of the Republican party to power" it will enact such legislation "as the conditions plainly require." And what kind of legislation is it that "the conditions plainly require"? Is it the re-enactment of the MCKINLEY tariff? Is it something milder or something severer than that? The Republican Convention had not the moral courage to speak out. Perhaps it did not know. It leaves only the general impression that the Republican party means in some way to disturb things; and unless we greatly mistake the temper of the public mind, this impression will go far to prevent "the complete return of the Republican party to power."

We must do the Republican Convention the justice to say that it pronounces plainly and strongly against the free coinage of silver and for sound money. But in the same breath it "denounces the Democratic administration for its gross mismanagement of the finances," and for having increased the debt of the nation, while everybody knows that only the Democratic administration's management of the finances and President CLEVELAND'S courageous action in selling bonds saved the country from slumping upon that silver basis which the convention so strongly deprecates. To tell the truth about a party opponent was evidently too much for the morality of the Republican platform-makers.

It is worthy of note that the convention could not screw up its morality to the point of declaring itself for civil service reform—the first time for many years that a Republican convention failed to do this.

On the whole, this platform is again a striking illustration of that disingenuousness with which political parties that care for spoils more than for anything else will treat the people. This disingenuousness is as foolish as it is immoral. Sincere and truly patriotic politicians will be wise enough to see that such shallow claptrap really does them no good, and that a political party will much more effectually commend itself to public confidence by candidly telling the truth about things and persons, even about opponents, and by frankly avowing its purposes, than by artful perversions of facts and false pretences, which are usually as promptly exploded as they are put forth, and bring only distrust and dishonor upon their authors.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic State Convention differed from the Republican convention in two respects. The latter obeyed the will of a single "boss"; the former was managed by a combination of "bosses." Again, the Republican convention, with the exception of the apparent revolt of Mr. WARNER MILLER, was outwardly harmonious, while at the Democratic convention there was a real protest and a real rebellion against the MURPHY and Tammany machine. The Republicans seemed to be better contented with their "boss" than the Democrats were with their several "bosses," while among the Democratic "bosses" themselves there was evident an uneasy sense of the need of a little leaven of righteousness, which, however, did not become sufficiently active to effect even the slightest semblance of reform.

Of one episode in their convention decent Democrats may well be proud, and that was the refusal of the State Democracy to consent to take part in Tammany primaries, or to accept the wretched pretence of representation which was offered to them as a result of the fruitless efforts of Senator HILL for what he called "harmony." The friends of Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. WHEELER, Mr. PECKHAM, Mr. HORNBLOWER, and their associates, will feel as much satisfaction in the result of the machine's refusal to grant what they demanded, as they will feel disappointment at the partial surrender of Mr. SHEPARD and his followers to the regular machine in Kings County. It is a great deal better that the State Democrats should have refused a representation in the convention, coupled with the condition that Tammany be recognized as the only regular Democratic organization in the city, than that they should have accepted a one-third representation and four members of the State Committee. The organization that rejected them this year denied its claim to be considered a Democratic party by the reason it gave for rejecting them last year. The best service that Mr. FAIRCHILD and his friends can render to the State is to continue to do their best to make it impossible for the MURPHY-HILL-Tammany machine to win elections.

The outcome of the two conventions, aside from this happy failure of the State Democrats to make a bargain with the rascals through the agency of HILL, is of no particular value to the community. There is little choice between the two tickets, and less between the "bosses." The Democratic platform is the better one, and next week we shall point out, simply as an interesting study in politics, in what its superiority consists. The feature of the two platforms which attracts most attention is that dealing with the excise question. Probably the Republican party has expressed the wishes of a majority of its adherents in the resolution favoring Sunday closing which Mr. WARNER MILLER forced upon the convention. PLATT believes in the present law for what it has meant to him and Tammany in the past, and for what it may again mean to the same combination in the future. There may be some Republicans in the cities also who are not concerned for the restoration of blackmailing and kindred vices as leading features of our municipal life, who favor what is called a "more liberal excise law," but there is no sign that the rural Republicans either wish or dare to favor any modification of the existing statutes. On the other hand, Tammany is also probably in favor of the existing law for the same reason that determines PLATT. If the "bosses" could foresee that the result would be in their interest they might favor local option, for local option, if any part of the task of regulation is to be intrusted to the local authorities, will increase the wicked opportunities of a Tammany-PLATT bipartisan Police Commission or of a Tammany Board of Aldermen. However, the city might vote for Sunday closing, and the machine would prefer that such an edict should come from Albany than from their fellow-citizens. On this question all that can be done by citizens who are both intelligent and good will be to select from among the candidates for the Legislature the most independent and the best-trained men, and vote for them without regard to their party politics. The excise question is important, and the excise law needs a good deal of modification, but while the Republican party is probably committed against any change, there are some Republicans who will not be bound by the convention's declaration. There are some Democrats, too, who are opposed to a continuance of a law that, so far as this city is concerned, has only fostered vice and bred depravity. Between the two we may be able to secure a Legislature that will deal intelligently and honestly with this vexed question.

It is certainly a year for independent voting. As we have already said, there is little choice between the "bosses." Senator HILL, possessing a little more shrewdness than his associates from New York and Troy, tried to patch up a bargain in the interest of harmony. It is illustrative of his capacity for decent politics that he only succeeded in securing an offer that was an insult to those whose aid he sought. As it is, the Democratic machine is in the control of MURPHY, SHEE-

HAN, and Tammany, who have shown their power over HILL himself.

Every good Republican must long for the defeat of his own "boss," while every good Democrat must rejoice if the leaders of his organization are once more overwhelmed. It is to be hoped, at least, that the judiciary nominations will be looked after by the bar. The courts are becoming more and more important as the political branch of the government sinks lower and lower in the slime and ooze of machine rule. Under the new constitution the Supreme Court is to be enlarged, and practically a new appellate tribunal is to be formed. In this city and throughout the State an unusual number of judges are to be elected. Among other changes, the jurisdiction of the courts over the administration of purely political laws has been enlarged, and we must look still more to the judges for the defence of our institutions. It is to be hoped that the lawyers of the State, under the leadership, perhaps, of the Bar Association of this city, will take a more than usual interest in the selection of candidates for the judiciary, and that, after the candidates are placed in nomination, they will see to it that lay voters are correctly and adequately informed as to the respective merits of the nominees.

What is to be the outcome in this city? It is to be hoped that not many German reformers have joined with the few of their leaders who apparently prefer the corrupt rule of PLATT and Tammany to a temporary deprivation of Sunday beer. The State Democrats, of course, are to be counted on for effective work against Tammany, and a good many of the best Republicans in the city are doubtless ready to act with them. The Good Government Clubs have been feared as most potent aids to Tammany because of their declared purpose to nominate a ticket without consultation with other elements that must help to compose a united party if Tammany is to be again defeated. It would be better if there had been long ago a preliminary conference and a preliminary union. The Good Government Clubs are admirable institutions, and their members have accomplished much for municipal reform, but neither all wisdom nor all patriotism is confined to them, and they should have reflected that if they had followed the advice of the older men of the Committee of Seventy last winter, four of their most prominent members would not have committed a blunder that brought great harm to the cause for which they work with a zeal and energy which is most commendable. Union is absolutely necessary this year, and any action on the part of any reform organization that hazards union will be condemned by every intelligent friend of municipal reform. There is hope for good judges, if the lawyers will do their duty. There is hope that the reform victory of last year will be repeated in the city, if the various organizations that then worked together will re-establish their union. But in the State the Democratic form of government is seen at its worst, and the only consolation that can be gathered from the situation is that the triumph of the vicious is so humiliating to the State, and so shocking to right-minded men, who, after all, constitute the majority in our American republic, that a storm of revolt will soon come which will clear the now mephitic political atmosphere.

GORMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

A FEW days ago Senator GORMAN made his appearance on the stump in Maryland. It was an extraordinary occasion. In the first place, the Senator has not habitually favored the people of Maryland with speeches on public questions, but has maintained a somewhat contemptuous attitude towards both the people and the questions of the day. In this he has been consistent with his view of the duties of a "boss," which is that in the higher ranges where he walks wire-pulling, caucus-stuffing, and the controlling of conventions are of far more importance than appeals to the intellects of the voters. But Senator GORMAN found himself in direful straits. The people had been watching his course in the Senate, and knew him as the exposed ally of the silver men and the Sugar Trust, and they were threatening him with punishment. Therefore he made up his mind to appeal to the loyalty of the Democrats of his State, not to him, but to their party. Apparently he had failed to persuade any member of the Federal administration to come to his assistance. The Maryland "boss" is likely to gain nothing in that quarter from his attempt to retain his power through a platform that approves of the principles and acts of the President and his advisers — principles and acts which met with his bitter and determined opposition in the place where his opposition is most effective.

It was to save himself from defeat that Mr. GORMAN appeared on the stump at Ellicott City on Saturday, the 21st of September. It was evident that he and his led captains had done their best to make the meeting a success, and to give it a tone and character that would appeal to the partisanship of the Democrats of Maryland. Ex-Governor JOHN LEE CARROLL, one of the best-known citizens of the State, presided, and in his speech he sounded the key-note of the occasion. He pointed to the head of the ticket as an "ideal candidate," and to the platform as one "which Mr. CLEVELAND could have written himself." He insisted that GORMAN, the "boss," was not in issue, and that "two years hence, when his name comes up for re-election for United States Senator, you have the power in your hands to defeat him." It was the national campaign of 1896 that was opening, and on this point Senator GORMAN dwelt with a strange earnestness, appealing to the people of his State on the ground that they should not punish the party that had repealed the MCKINLEY act and had pledged itself to give the country a sound currency.

Could hypocrisy go further? Mr. GORMAN himself had openly and defiantly compelled the Democrats in Congress to violate their pledges. He worked with great cunning and industry, and in flagrant contempt of the warnings and admonitions of fellow-partisans, to prevent the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. He actually forced a surrender of the tariff-reformers to the Sugar Trust. Nevertheless, he is begging that his ticket be elected and his leadership confirmed because the Democratic party is more truthfully represented by GROVER CLEVELAND than it has been by ARTHUR P. GORMAN. This is only a pretence of virtue. The platform, sound and excellent as it is, is meaningless in view of the fact that it was adopted by a convention which was controlled by GORMAN. If GORMAN'S ticket be elected this year, GORMAN'S power in Maryland and in national politics will be strengthened.

Transparent as GORMAN'S hypocrisy is at this distance, he has been able to hold to their party allegiance some of the best men in the State. And the WEEKLY is in receipt of a letter from a gentleman who is evidently a sincere and intelligent friend of good government, and essentially an enemy of GORMAN and his methods, who says, among other things, that—

> "Mr. RASIN, the boss in Baltimore, and Mr. GORMAN, holding the power to nominate whom they pleased, for the reason that they were unable to agree upon a candidate, and perhaps also because they realized the desperate situation of the party, at the very last moment decided upon a man whom neither could manipulate, and about whom naught could be said but in praise. Mr. HURST has never been identified with any faction in any party, and he has never been in politics. He has always been a merchant in Baltimore of the highest ability and integrity.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "He [the Republican candidate for Governor] said in effect, 'If I am elected Governor, I will promise that Maryland's six electoral votes will be cast for the next Republican Presidential candidate.' As a 'self-respecting Democrat' I will vote for Mr. HURST, because I believe he will give this State a good business-like administration, and because I believe that a man who has not betrayed the confidence of the people in the business world in fifty year will never, under any circumstances, fail to remain true to himself and his time-honored principles."

This appeal to the party to hold together in State and local elections for the sake of the national election that is to be held in some other year is an old trick of "bosses," and it ought long ago to have ceased deceiving good citizens. There is only one issue in Maryland this year, and that is GORMAN. The defeat of his ticket will mean absolutely nothing but the defeat of a "boss," who for his own purposes has brought his party into disgrace by compelling it to violate its promise. He has involved it in one of the gravest scandals of contemporaneous politics, and to him, more than to any other Democratic leader, is due the universal contempt and hatred which was manifested throughout the country towards the Democratic party in the elections of 1893 and 1894. Mr. HURST may be generally a good and upright citizen, but since he has accepted a nomination from GORMAN'S convention at a time when not only every Democrat, but all good citizens of both parties, were hoping for the "boss's" defeat, he cannot be counted a good and upright candidate. He and his platform are stalking-horses for GORMAN. Democrats who are intending to vote the regular ticket because it is in itself unobjectionable, do not realize what they are doing. They talk about the effect of Democratic defeat on the Democratic national ticket next year in Maryland. Let them reflect for a moment on what is likely to be the effect of a GORMAN victory in Maryland on the national fortunes of the Democracy next year; for if GORMAN succeeds this year, next year he will be an issue in every State in the Union, and the Democratic party will find it difficult to meet that issue.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOUTH CAROLINA is in a pitiable condition. The majority of its population and of its voters are blacks. The majority of the whites are weak and ignorant enough to be the tools of such demagogues as the TILLMANS, IRBY, and EVANS.

The rule of these men is a gross travesty on republican institutions. It makes the State conspicuous by reason of the strange antics that go by the name of government. Its laws are the crude experiments of the ignorant or the bold devices of the corrupt. Its executive department has been administered in a manner that is sometimes pitifully absurd, and sometimes grossly tyrannical. Its bench was once an honor to the whole country; it is now contemptible.

Under a good Constitution such a government as that under which South Carolina suffers might be endured, in the hope that the people would some day rise up against it and overthrow it. But Senator TILLMAN and his associates are now holding a convention for the purpose of framing a Constitution that will establish the rule of ignorant and corrupt whites. The best element of the State, now known as conservative, is hardly represented in this Constitutional Convention. It has no influence and no leader. The man who might have been its leader, Senator BUTLER, courted the favor of the Tillmanites, and was justly spurned and degraded for his mean surrender. The educated men of the State will have little to say in the framing of the new fundamental law, and the control of the Tillmanites over the electoral machinery is so complete that whatever instrument they submit to the people is likely to be adopted.

The first great problem in the minds of the men who have seized upon the government of the State concerns the suffrage. They are trying to adopt a provision which will disfranchise the negroes without violating the Constitution of the United States, and yet that will not disfranchise the ignorant whites. An educational qualification will not do this, unless the inspectors of election are the judges of the voter's intellectual qualification in each case. But an educational and property qualification may effect the desired result. Whatever will give to white ignorance and corruption the control of South Carolina will be adopted by Senator TILLMAN'S convention. If he and his followers fail in this, it will be because they are not cunning enough to make their instrument declare their will. And besides the perversion of the suffrage, we may expect to see in this Constitution provisions for the establishment of every communistic contrivance that the brains of the half-informed, the vicious, and the weak have invented. At present, and for a generation to come, South Carolina promises to be an object-lesson to other commonwealths of what a democracy can become when its worst elements obtain absolute control. And one sad phase of the whole business is that there seems to be no light in the dark cloud which is overhanging the State. There are thousands of good men in South Carolina, but in the hands of the Tillmanites they are as powerless as the negroes have been since the day when WADE HAMPTON became Governor, and the State started on what was hoped would be a career of good fortune. Then the rule of the whites began; but at last the cleavage has come in the ranks of what is called the dominant race itself, and the division is between ignorance and corruption on one side, and intelligence and character on the other. The Tillmanites stand between the best of the whites and the negroes, hating and fearing both, and for the time at least South Carolina takes its place as the most backward of the States in the art of government.

THE NEW COLLEGE YEAR.

THE claim of the daily press that it sets forth the news in the order of its importance does not seem to be sustained by its method of treating the news from the colleges. Overmuch prominence, perhaps, is given to the news of a game of football between two colleges, which is an event of importance, but not of the highest importance. But no attention whatever is paid to the opening of the collegiate year, to the conditions under which the vast collegiate system of this country resumes its serious work of education and of progress.

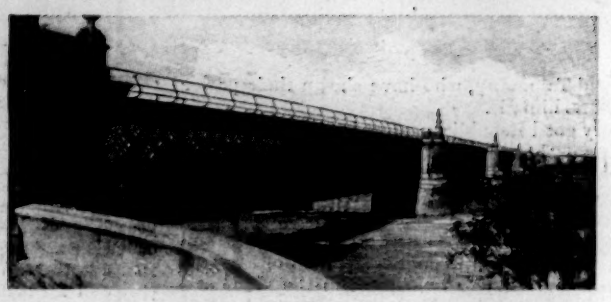
It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the opening of the collegiate year is a more important event than the opening of a session of Congress. The growth of the American colleges in numbers and wealth during the past thirty years has been one of the great facts in our history. It has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the influence of a collegiate life on politics and society. No other institution—religious, political, or social—has grown as the college has; it is fortunate to reflect that its influence has been wholly beneficial.

It was at the beginning of what may be called the present era that the late HORACE GREELEY appealed to a broad prejudice when he said, "Of all horned cattle, deliver me from a college graduate." If any such prejudice still survives, it does not show itself in so boastful a form. Any expression of contempt for education is now treated as a defiance of common sense. The college education of this country has vindicated itself by the service it has rendered to the cause of good government. The college influence has been clearly discernible in every movement to remedy the evils and abuses which have called for reform.

The long struggle which ended in the overthrow of the protectionist idea in legislation had the almost unanimous support of college influence. It is becoming exceedingly embarrassing for a college professor to attempt to demonstrate that a country can grow rich by taxing itself. There are college professors who believe that fifty cents' worth of silver may be made equal in value to a hundred cents by appropriate legislation, but they are very few. The college graduate is pretty apt to be found on the side of sound money. The adoption of the idea of civil service reform and its steady extension is a movement in which the reformers have steadily had the backing of college sentiment. Hardly less important is the question of reform in the methods of municipal government, which is now occupying the attention of good citizens in all of our large cities, and which finds its most willing recruits, as well as its most efficient leaders, in the ranks of collegians.

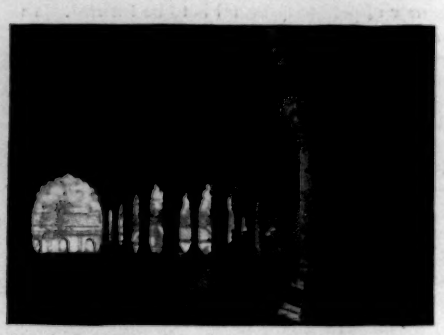
The annual game of football or the athletic meeting is not the important event in the college record. It is perhaps of less importance than the story of any other day in the year. The real life of the college, the real meaning and value of that vast and magnificent array of learned endowments in this country, the small ones as well as the great ones, can be understood only by those who look more deeply into the subject than do some of the editors of the daily papers.

THE GREAT GATE TO THE FORT AND PALACE.

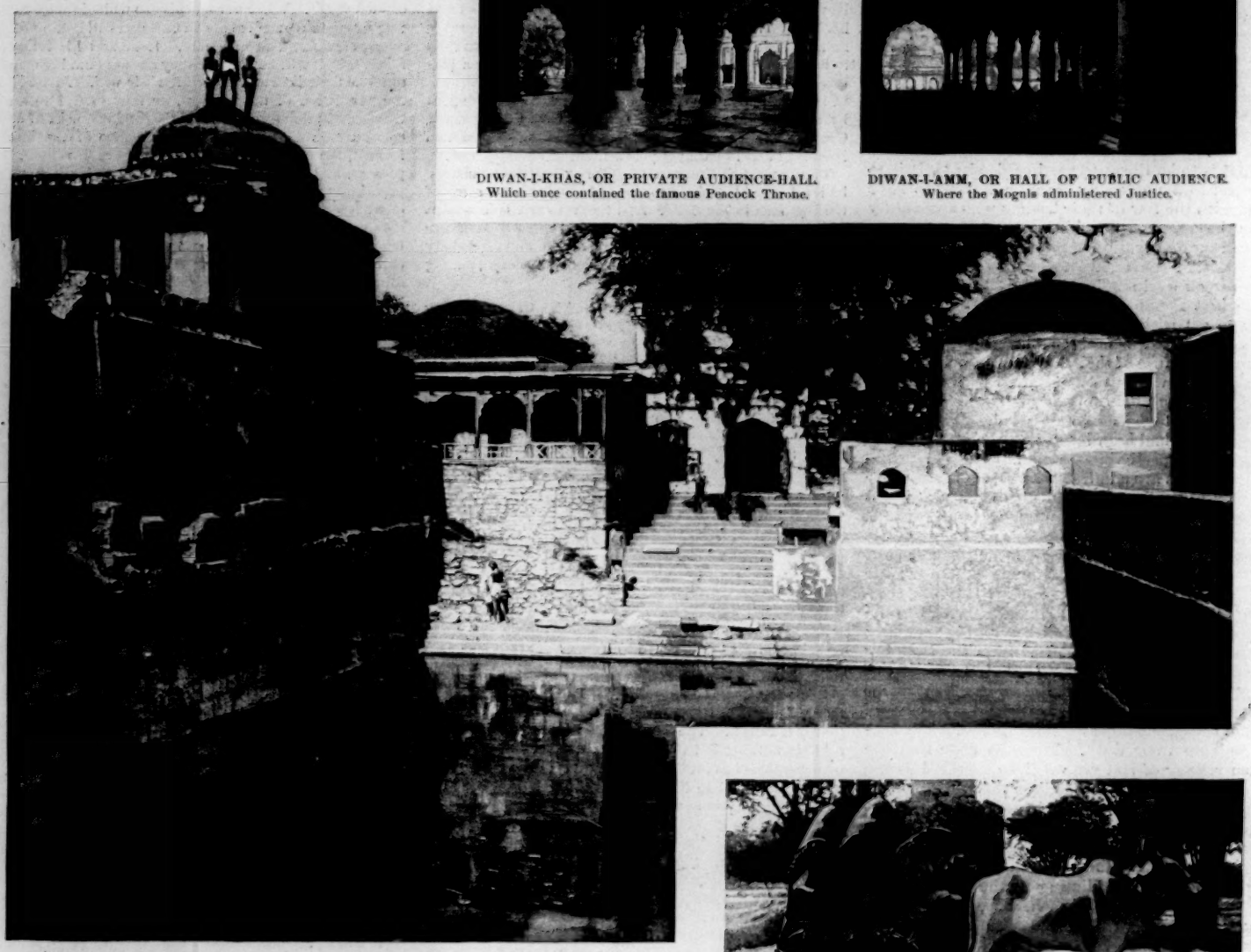


BRIDGE OVER THE JUMNA AT DELHI.

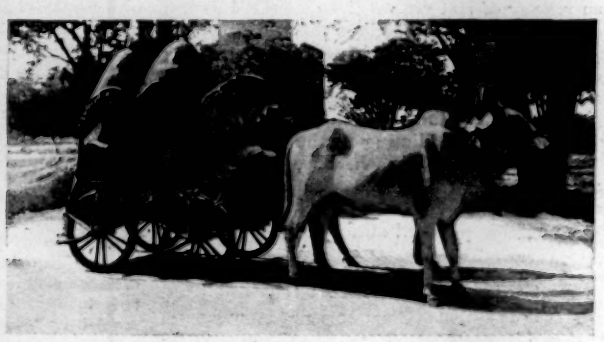
DIWAN-I-KHAS, OR PRIVATE AUDIENCE-HALL.
Which once contained the famous Peacock Throne.



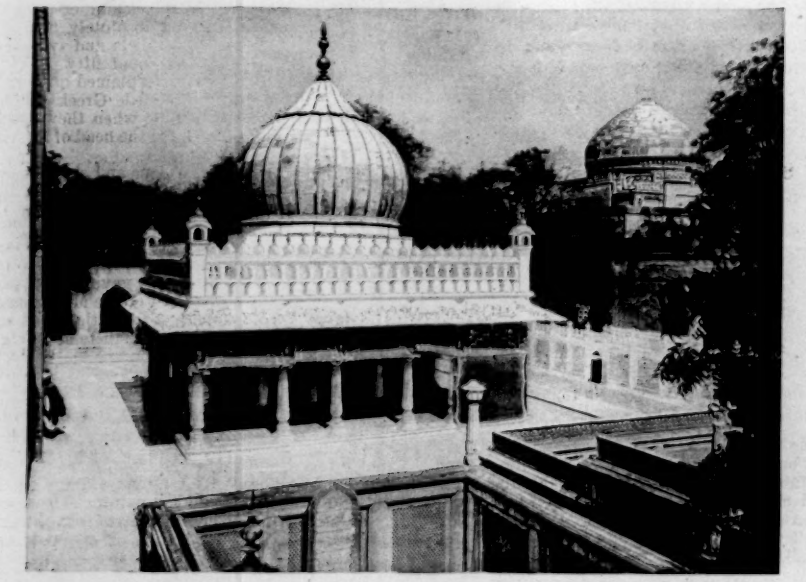
DIWAN-I-AMM, OR HALL OF PUBLIC AUDIENCE.
Where the Mognls administered Justice.



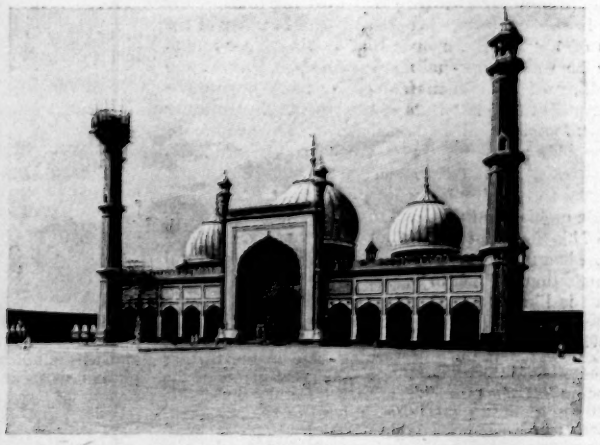
TANK BUILT AND BLESSED BY THE SAINT NIGUAM-DUI.
For a Consideration Boys dive into it from the Dome of the Adjoining Building on the Left.



A NATIVE JUT CART OR WAGON.



TOMB OF NIZAN UD DIN AULIYA, NEAR INDRAPAT.



FRONT OF THE JUMMA MUSJID, OR GREAT MOSQUE.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN NORTHERN INDIA—DELHI.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

MY FRIEND, THE OUTLAW.

BY E. F. BENSON, Author of "Dodo."

NOONDAY, and a temperature of 102° in the shade; outside, a driving storm of fine white dust, through which the houses on the other side of the square peer out vaguely and intermittently; above, a gray sky, in which the sun hangs like a white metal plate. Along the edge of the pavement the delicate-leaved pepper-trees are shrivelling before this fury from the furnace-mouthed South, which strips off their fernlike stalks of foliage, and drives them up against the house walls in unresting little eddies. The streets are empty but for cabs sheltering under the north wall of the café at the corner and a bootblack lying asleep on the door-step. Though it is so hot, he has wisely wrapped his head up in his coat to shield his eyes and mouth from the dust.

The errand that took me out this morning in the horrible sirocco, which when it blows in Athens during June is like the blast from the nether pit, has been a visit to the prison in order to see Yanni, an old friend of mine, who is to be tried to-morrow on the charge of killing a Greek soldier, and for living for the last year the life of a brigand and an outlaw. On this second count there are no specific charges, but the first count is quite true. I saw him do it myself. It happened in this wise:

Rather more than a year ago I had been travelling in North Greece; the scenery was enchanting, and the weather execrable. Consequently one day, the first half of which I had spent in a leaky khan at the village of Lidoriki, watching the rain fall as it knows how to fall in the South, in closely ruled perpendicular lines, I abandoned the thoughts of going further, and taking advantage of a slight cessation at noonday, went down that afternoon to Elatiná, a little fishing-village on the north coast of the Corinthian Gulf, where one could get a steamer back to Athens. Next day the weather cleared, and after carefully considering the question, it seemed to me that Elatiná was the secret and solution of life. A couple of dozen clean white houses stand along the road which runs by the beach, bordered on each side by a row of yellow-flowering mimosa-trees, now in full bloom. At short intervals there are built out over the water little wood loggias, the roofs of which are made of oleanders, plucked in their full luxuriance of leaf and flower, and renewed every two days. A wooden balustrade runs round three sides of these loggias, and the roof is supported by four or six big beams of olive-wood; and leaning and looking seaward you see rippling at your feet the clear water of the gulf, turning blue in the further distance, and on the opposite coast the great giants of the Peloponnese, Cyllene, and Helmos, the former the cradle of Hermes, the latter, the fountain-head of the Styx, still standing swathed in the bygone winter's snow. Vineyards and olive woods spread up over the plain and lower hill-sides behind, and a little to the left of the town a swift vigorous stream joins the sea; its course you can trace for a mile or two across the plain by the pink flush of the oleanders which line its banks.

The road from inland intersects this row of houses, and the corner house on the left used to belong to Yanni. At that time Yanni was about twenty years old, six foot three high, and good to look upon. He was an Albanian by birth, a Greek by education, and by profession a butcher, a fisherman, an agriculturist, and the owner of a café. He had also built his own house, and he sang Albanian songs very tunefully.

Yanni had a spare room in this house which he had built, with a balcony facing the sea, and this room he consented to let to me until the arrival of my steamer, which was expected vaguely in two or three days, for the sum of three drachmas a day. He also supplied me with meat, fish, and coffee at the current prices.

There were quartered in this village four Greek soldiers, whose duty it was to perform the office of policemen, to put their foot down on all incipient riots, to discourage too great animation in the discussion of political affairs, and, above all, to see that commodities like meat were sold at tariff prices. They were hot, untidy little men, and Yanni despised them. As a good man of business, he tried to get the highest possible price for his goods, and collisions between him and them were not infrequent. But since I was his lodger he tried to make no such exactions in my case, and the little soldier who inspected the bill which Yanni sent in to me at the end of my first day there declared himself satisfied.

By about nine o'clock in the evening the professions of butcher, agriculturist, and owner of a café became sinecures, and Yanni would go a-fishing. He would come out of his house clothed only in a rough tunic, which reached to about half-way up his thighs, with a bag full of resin and a small wicker fishing-creel slung round his neck, in one hand a three-pronged spear for catching the fish, and in the other a big iron pan full of burning resin. With these he would wade into water about two feet deep, and moving slowly and gently along, speared the fish as they lay open-mouthed and goggle-eyed staring at the light, which he held some eighteen inches above the surface of the water. It was a scene which Rembrandt could have painted, and would have loved to paint. The flaming resin showed in high light the rippling surface of the sea below the flare, the upper part of Yanni's bared arms, his stained discolored tunic, and the rich brown of his legs, strong and straight above the water, distorted and waving below the surface. Now and then as he turned his head the light would strike the side of his face, the edge of his black curly head, or bring out into prominence the strong line of his jaw. At intervals he would raise his right arm, and with a splendid motion, full of precision and force, plunge his spear into the sea, bringing up on the end of it sometimes a red mullet, sometimes a flat flapping sole, or a young cuttle-fish, all arms and eyes. Behind in shadow stood the black hulls and heavy masts of fishing-vessels, and in the furthest distance, more guessed at than seen, rose the great hills on the other side of the gulf. Now and then his pan of resin would want refilling, and he stood still a moment, drying his hand on his tunic before adding more to it from the bag round his neck. Then with a sudden splutter and flare the light shot up again, and Yanni with his dry hand would get a cigarette from his pocket, and drawing back his lips from the flames, showing his row of strong white teeth, would bend over the flare to get a light, his face illumined vividly, ruddy brown against the surrounding gloom.

The price of fish had long been cause for a standing quarrel between the little Greek soldiers and Yanni, but it had ended in a complete victory for Yanni. He was master of the art of alongshore fishing, which none of the other villagers could make pay, and which was the only means whereby they could get fish; for the owners of the fishing-vessels were under a contract to sell their fish for the Corinth market, and thus this fishing-village was dependent for its fish on private enterprise. The little soldiers had tried to coerce Yanni into selling his fish at the Corinth market rate, which he steadily and persistently refused to do. He would sell them at such rate as he thought good, or not at all. The quarrel had come to a head about a fortnight ago, when Yanni, being short of cash, had demanded famine prices for his evening's catch. He stood there in his tunic, the sea-water dripping from him, with his resin flare in one hand and his fishing-creel in the other, perfectly good-tempered, but absolutely firm, demanding threepence apiece for his mullets and twopence half-penny for his soles. This was about fifty per cent. in advance of his usual rates, but he explained quite candidly that he wanted money. The little Greek soldiers argued with and threatened him; and when they threatened, Yanni smiled sweetly, and patted the head of the tallest of them in a fraternal manner.

Now it so happened that the brother and sister-in-law of the Mayor were coming to stay with him next day, and it was necessary to have fish at all costs to save the honor of the mayoralty. But Yanni was perfectly firm, and announced his intention of eating all the fish himself if there were no buyers; and the Mayor, wisely reflecting that he was quite capable of the feat, gave in and paid Yanni what he asked. The surrender of the Mayor naturally took away the moral support of the little Greek soldiers, and Yanni was victorious. He bore them no grudge, and when the sale was over treated them to a mastic each.

Sometimes one or other of the villagers would borrow Yanni's second spear, and try to emulate his deeds. One night, I remember, one of the soldiers came in, as Yanni and I were drinking coffee after dinner and he was preparing to go fishing, to ask for the loan of his spare weapon. Yanni grinned, and said, "My little man, you will only catch your own toes." But he gave him what he wanted, and said that if he would wait a minute he would come too. So, after drinking another cup of coffee, Yanni pulled off his trousers and coat, kicked off his boots, and watched the little soldier rolling up his trousers to the knee with an indulgent smile. Then the two set off together, the soldier stumbling painfully over the bowlders on the beach, and picking his way delicately among the sharp stones, and at the sight thereof Yanni's mouth was filled with rude loud laughter.

They fished to the left of the village, and I wandered along the beach watching them. The stream which joins the sea here has cut for itself a deep passage round a ledge

of rock, and as we approached this I suddenly saw Yanni making violent sign to me to look. The incautious little soldier was going first, elated at having captured a cuttle-fish, and forgetting the deep hole. I could see Yanni's huge shoulders shaking with laughter as he approached it, and in another moment, with a howl of dismay, the soldier disappeared. Yanni pranced out into deeper water along the edge of the hole, and as the little soldier was swept down the current, speared him adroitly in the slack of his trousers, drew him in, and lifted him on his feet. He fished on by himself for half an hour or so after this, for the other was wet and sad, and then coming to land, sat down by me on the beach and examined his haul.

"Fish are cheap to-night," he explained, "because, you see, you pay me three drachmas a day for the room, and get your provisions from me. Six mullets and four soles, two cuttle-fish. Would you like cuttle-fish to-morrow at breakfast?"

"No, thanks."

"Don't you eat cuttle-fish in England?" he inquired.

"No. But we use that brown stuff which you throw away for paint."

Yanni wrung out the bottom of his tunic, which had got wet in the rescue of the Greek soldier, and lit a cigarette at his flare.

"To-morrow some travellers come here," he said, "and they will want meat. I must kill a lamb to-night. These travellers are usually fools, and meat will be rather dear to-morrow. What do a few drachmas extra mean to them?"

"You'll have a row with the soldiers," I observed.

"I suppose I shall, but I don't mind. Of course, if you want some lamb, you may have it at the usual price."

The travellers arrived next day, with a cook from Athens, who came in due course to Yanni to buy meat. Yanni charged twopence in the pound more than he ought to have charged, but the cook paid it, and was just walking out of the shop with his purchases, when one of the soldiers came in and stopped him.

"How much did you pay for that?" he asked.

"Two drachmas a pound."

The soldier turned to Yanni.

"You swindling lout," he said, "you'll go to prison for this."

"Get out!" said Yanni, smiling. "Have a mastic?"

This was bribery.

"You son of a pig!" said the other. "I wouldn't drink your filthy mastic. It's half water, and you would charge me for it."

This was a direct insult, a slight on Yanni's hospitality, and he began to get angry.

"Go to the devil," he said, "or to the dunghill you were born on."

Then this misguided little Greek reached up and hit Yanni on the face, and in another moment Yanni's great arm had come swinging down, and his clinched fist had struck the soldier full on the temple. He fell with a broken clatter on the floor, striking the edge of the table with his head. At that moment a second soldier came in, and Yanni, grasping the situation, knocked him down and fled.

In another moment the whole place was astir. The two remaining soldiers got their rifles and went in pursuit of Yanni, who, however, had got a good quarter of a mile start, and the village doctor came bustling in to attend to the other victims. The second soldier was none the worse, but only very angry, and he soon went off after the others. The one who had struck Yanni, however, was unconscious. He died that evening.

Yanni, fearing the worst, had struck straight up a gorge towards the mountains. From behind the village I could see him running up the bare hill-side, and about four hundred yards behind him ran the foremost soldier. They passed up and up, and I saw the other two soldiers overtake the first, and all three stopped for a moment. Then they unstrung their rifles, and kneeling down, deliberately fired at Yanni. In all eight shots were fired, without effect; and then, their ammunition being exhausted, they continued the pursuit. Half the village were standing with me watching the pursuit of Yanni, but public sympathy, wavering before, went round entirely to him when those shots were fired. He was a hunted thing, unarmed, and pursued by armed men, and that divine human sympathy which every hour gives the lie direct to a hundred cynical proverbs, which label it anything but divine, at once enlisted itself on the side of the defenceless.

Later in the evening three sorry figures limped back to the village, torn and draggled. One of them had a dirty handkerchief bound round his face, and the arm of the third was in an extemporized sling. They were received with derisive laughter by the unsympathetic village, which had quite recovered from the shock of the fourth soldier's death, and was disposed to canonize Yanni there and then.

Later on the story of their mischance leaked out, and the derisive laughter was redoubled. Yanni, it appeared, had drawn the right conclusion from the cessation of shots, and knowing that they had no more ammunition, sat down on the lip of a high rock and parleyed with them. He wished to know, first of all, what had happened to the man who had hit him in the face—was he dead or alive? That the soldiers could not tell him, and Yanni, with his irrepressible hopefulness, opined that he was alive, but had a very sore head. He then wished to know what the devil they meant by shooting at him, and getting no answer to this inquiry, threw a stone at the attacking force, which, being sent with much precision of aim, hit No. 1, who was not looking, in the face. Yanni laughed rudely, and advised him to go home. This exasperated the military, and they again started in pursuit, and Yanni took them a healthy run up the side of Elatos. When they stopped for sheer want of breath, he stopped too, and being still grieved because they had tried to shoot him, he threw some more stones at them. But they were on the lookout for stones, and none of those took effect, so Yanni strolled on, leaving them in the rear.

They then held a council of war, which gave birth to a very subtle plan. No. 1 was bleeding considerably, but, fired by the heat of personal prowess, he proposed that he should take off the bandage which Yanni had seen him tie over his injured eye, and with No. 2 go in pursuit. No. 3 was to make a détour, and try to reach the top of the pass by which Yanni must get over the mountain before him. In the mean time the others would pursue him but leisurely, in order to give No. 3 time, and the fugitive, seeing two uninjured men pursuing him, would conclude that No. 1 had decided to go home, acting according to his advice, and would not expect the stratagem. It was beginning to get dark, and at a couple of hundred yards' distance he would not be able to distinguish faces, and the bandage alone would identify No. 1, for they were all little men.

The first part of the stratagem succeeded beautifully. No. 3 gained the top of the pass, and saw Yanni making straight for it at a quiet trot, pursued at a respectable distance by the two others. He had nothing to do but to hide behind a tree, grasp his rifle by the muzzle, and be ready to bring the butt down on Yanni's head. But at this point the stratagem broke down. Yanni, whose keenness of vision had been sharpened by much catching of fish in the dark, saw the end of a rifle butt projecting from a tree ahead of him, and, reflecting with admirable common-sense that rifle butts did not grow on pine-trees, concluded that there was also a little soldier behind that tree. So he ran on up the path until he came close to the tree, and then, dodging quickly off the path to the left, hit No. 3 so sharp a blow on the arm that was preparing to bring down the rifle butt on his own head that No. 3 dropped, and exclaimed that his arm was broken, which it was not.

But Yanni had had enough of guerilla warfare. His sense of humor had been sufficiently tickled by the thought that he had hit in the eye one of those soldiers who had been firing at him with rifle-bullets, and perhaps broken the arm of another, and his instinct of self-preservation asserted itself. So he struck off the path into the mountains, and personally I did not see him again for twelve months.

Just a year after this I was camping out for archæological purposes at a place on the Corinthian Gulf called Agorthena. At that time there were only two or three houses there, none of which seemed to be lived in. But for several days in succession I had seen some twenty sheep feeding on the plain, apparently without a shepherd, and I began to wonder whether what I had heard at Athens was true, and that there were brigands in the neighborhood. One night I was sitting on the warm sea-scented beach after dinner, listening to the gentle ripple of the waves, and thinking, oddly enough, of the evenings I had spent at Elatiná watching Yanni fishing, when I saw, some half-mile to the left, a light moving slowly along on the edge of the sea. Once it nearly died out, and then suddenly sprung into flame again, and with a scarcely formulated guess in my mind as to who it was, I walked along the shore in its direction. It was moving slowly away from me; but quite suddenly, when I was within about two hundred yards of it, it stopped, and then with a hiss was quenched in the water, and in the silence that followed I heard stealthy steps plashing through the water towards the shore. Then my guess suddenly became a conviction, and calling out, "Yanni, is fish cheap to-night?" I sat down and waited.

For a moment there was silence, then the sound of steps along the shingle, and, after a pause, I heard my own name called cautiously out of the darkness.

"Yes, it is I," I said, "and alone."

The steps renewed themselves in double time, and in a moment I was aware of a great man close by me, who sat down by my side and took my two hands in his.

"Praise the blessed Virgin, it is you!" he said; "and I —I have not seen a face I know for a year."

And the great giant burst out crying; and somehow or other, with the arm of a murderer, outlaw, and perhaps brigand round my neck, I was nigh to crying too.

My servant had gone up to the village that evening after dinner, to buy meat and wine, and, as it was a six hours' journey there and back, he would not be in again till early morning. So Yanni and I went back to my tent, and sat there talking. He had not yet had supper, and he relit the little iron charcoal stove and cooked his fish.

"I am lodging in your house to-night," he said, "see, shall I pay you three drachmas? You know, I am very glad to see you; when one has not seen a friend for a year, it is a good sight. I have grown, too, have I not?"

He got up and stretched himself after his meal, and for a moment I really thought his head would go through the top of my tent, and, standing on a chair, I measured him against the pole. He was just over six feet six.

"Yes, you have grown," I said, "and your tunic is getting too short. Take a cigarette, and tell me what has happened to you."

He lay down on the floor of the tent, and suddenly burst out laughing.

"The little soldiers knelt down on the hill-side and fired at me eight times," he said. "Why couldn't they come and fight me like men? How I would have knocked their heads together! Were they very tired when they got home?"

"Very tired, and two of them very sick," I said.

Yanni looked thoughtful.

"It is a good thing to live out-of-doors," he said, "to sleep under the sky, and awake under the sky. That is what I did until winter came, and since the winter has passed, I have a little hut up in the mountains, over there on Helicon, and have now twenty sheep."

"How did you get them?" I asked.

"I took six from Elatiná," he said. "Only two nights after I had killed that fool of a soldier—he must have been a weak man to die so easily—I went back to my house and carried them off, two by two. On the other side of Helicon they do not know me, though I think they take me for a brigand; but I sell them good meat, and as they are wise, they ask no questions. But I can go there often, and I cannot stop there."

"Then do you live quite alone?"

"Yes. For a month, or perhaps more, I joined some other men who used to live like me, but they were devils, and I left them. One night they made a descent on a wretched little starving village, and they killed two men, and used the women worse than that. It was in the winter, and we were half starving. I had not gone with them, but when I saw them coming back, with blood on their hands, bringing with them the women they had taken, I went off that night, and I have not seen them since. They have gone north, I think. And they have offered a reward to any one who takes me."

"Yes, and the papers say you were taken once."

Yanni laughed softly to himself.

"It is quite true. I was taken at Varsorini, over by Mesolonghi, many miles from here. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Do."

"It was about three months ago. I had begun to be afraid they knew me here, so I sold off all my sheep, and went away over towards Mesolonghi, to this village Varsorini, quite a small place. It was just the time of year when they hoe the vines, and I got plenty of work. I lived with a widow woman, who had got one son, about eight years old. Well, one evening, as it was the end of the hoeing, and I had been paid for my work, and as there would be no work next day, I got very drunk. I was sitting in the café with two or three other men, and I fell asleep. When I woke I saw that another man had come in, and I heard him say, 'Yes, that is he; we will send to Mesolonghi to-morrow.' Little Stavro, the widow's son, was there, and was listening to them. So I pretended not to have heard, and I drank another cup of wine and went off home with Stavro. I meant to wait till the house was quiet, and then slip off; but I had hardly lain down for two minutes when Stavro came in with a bit of cord in his hands. He said to me, 'Are you Yanni, who killed the soldier?' and I, of course, said 'Yes.' So he came up to me and says: 'We are very poor, and there is a reward for taking you. I shall tie your hands and take you to the Mayor.' I burst out laughing, being very drunk, you understand, and said, 'Come along, then.' So he tied my hands behind my back and led me off to the Mayor's house—a little house I could have put on my back, Mayor and all. The Mayor had heard that I had been recognized, and was just sending off to Mesolonghi when Stavro and I came in. 'Here's the brigand Yanni,' says Stavro. 'I have captured him.' 'That is true,' said I; 'pay the little chap his reward, and let him get to bed.' So they paid him his 500 drachmas then and there, and Stavro said good-by to me and went home.

"The Mayor was whispering to another man. 'He is very drunk,' he said; 'we will shut him in the stable, and the soldiers will be here long before he is sober.' That suited me very well, because when I am drunk I am very strong, and there was a big wooden beam in the middle of the stable, as I knew, supporting the roof. So they led me off into the stable and locked the door, and I heard the Mayor say, 'I will wait here with a gun, and you must ride to Mesolonghi as quick as you can.'

"There was a small window in the side opposite the door, and the moonlight came through. The walls of the stable were not more than six feet high, and I could not stand upright. But I could see the big beam quite plainly, and when all was quiet again I put my arms round it and pulled; the whole thing came down together, and with it the top of the wall in which was the door by which the Mayor was sitting, and this fell outwards on the top of the Mayor. I heard his gun go off, and he screamed for help. So I vaulted over the wall, took away the Mayor's gun, and pulled him out of the rubbish and wished him good-by.

"As I passed Stavro's home I could hear the little chap crying inside, so, as I had plenty of time, I went in to see what had happened. Stavro was crying because he had given me up; but when he saw me he cheered up, and thought of the drachmas. I walked all that night and all the next night, sleeping in the mountains during the day, and since then I have lived here. I bought some sheep with the money I earned at Varsorini, and they have done well; I have twenty now." Yanni paused a moment, pulled aside the tent flap, and looked out.

"I hear a mule-bell coming down the hill-side," he said. "And, look, it is light in the east. Your servant is coming back, and I must go. Do you stay here long?"

"About another fortnight."

"That is good. I shall see you again many times. I will come whenever it is safe, if you will sit out upon the shore where you sat to-night. And you must come and see my hut on the mountain. I will take you there to-morrow evening. It has been very good to see you, for you are a friend."

And after the manner of the Greeks to their friends, he kissed me on the cheek, and went off silently into the darkness.

But evening after evening passed, and I waited in vain for Yanni. Some rumor of his whereabouts, I suppose, had got abroad, and he had changed his quarters. And when my week was finished, I went back to Athens without seeing him. Three weeks passed, and yesterday I saw in the papers the news of his capture. Some overpowering desire, I imagine, of seeing his own people again had come over him, and he was taken at Elatiná. Warned by previous experience of Yanni's little ways, as soon as it was known that he had been seen they sent off to Salona for twenty soldiers, and surrounded him as he was sleeping quietly in the vineyard at the back of his house. He made no resistance, and was brought to Athens the next day. He will be tried to-morrow.

I was allowed to talk to Yanni for about twenty minutes. His chief desire was to have some cigarettes, for he had no money on him when he was captured, and except for the occasional kindness of his jailer was smokeless. That need, however, I was able to supply, and we sat side by side on his pallet-bed, and he talked quite cheerfully and unconcernedly.

"They certainly will not execute me," he said, "because I have never committed a murder before, but I suppose I shall have two or three years in prison. That will be very dull."

He looked out through the narrow grating of his cell. "This is an abominable day," he said. "It is all dust and hot wind, and there are bad smells. It is not like the pine woods. Did you wait for me on the beach at Agorthena after that last night I saw you?"

"Yes, Yanni. I waited every night," I said.

Yanni flushed and smiled.

"I thought you would," he said, "and I knew you would come to see me here. But it was not my fault that I did not come. I heard next day that they knew I was near Valia, and were looking for me, so I had to go away. And after wandering about for three weeks, I felt I must see Elatiná again. I was so happy at getting back there that the second night, instead of going up to the mountains, I slept in the vineyard behind the house—do you remember it?—and I awoke to find those little soldiers standing round me. They were wiser this time: they sent twenty."

He grinned.

"Do you remember the little soldier who fell into the deep hole by the stream? The little devil! I saved his life that night, for he could swim like a lump of lead, and next day he tried to shoot me."

About ten minutes after I left Yanni the lawyer who is going to defend him to-morrow came to see him, with the result that while I was still seated at lunch a hot, bald-headed man rushed into the room and asked me if it was true that I had seen the murder committed. For Yanni's unsupported assertion that the soldier had struck him first was of course valueless in a law court, whereas if an independent witness could testify to it the case would assume a wholly different character. Why this had not struck either Yanni or me before I cannot imagine, and I cursed us as idiots, and blessed the bald-headed lawyer as Solomon.

Next day the case came on. There was nothing whatever to show that Yanni had been guilty of lawless acts during his year of outlawry; indeed, the only thing known about him during that time was that he had rescued the Mayor of Varsorini from beneath a wall of fallen masonry. It was, moreover, found that he had been repeatedly shot at by three soldiers, that the evening before the murder he had rescued one of these from a watery grave, and that the murder itself had been unpremeditated, and committed under great provocation, Yanni, the immense Yanni, odd as it appeared, having received the first blow. But, for the sake of example, and partly in order to discourage home-rule in the price of meat, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which, as he has since assured me, was not at all intolerable. And the bald-headed lawyer, perspiring profusely, shook me warmly by the hand, as Yanni, smiling kindly to his warder, was led off to the cells.

"You are in luck to have saved such a man," he said. "A dozen like him could take Constantinople."

And I left, inclined to agree with him.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IT must be understood that we were all staying on in our closing hotel by sufferance. It closed officially on the 10th, but the landlord was to remain, and such guests as wished might remain too. This made us eager to linger till the very last moment we were allowed.

I.

Ever since the elevator had ceased to run, there had been a sense of doom in the air. One day we noted a fine reluctance in the elevator; when people crowded it full, it would not go up. Then it began to waver under a few; it made false starts and stops. A placard presently said, "Elevator not running." Then this was removed, and the elevator ran again for a day or two. At last it ceased to run so finally that no placard was needed. The elevator boys went away; it was as if the elevator was extinct.

I think it was on the same day that the hall clock stopped. The clock was started again by the head porter, but after that the hotel ran on borrowed time. Once it borrowed the time of me, whose watch has not once been right in thirty-three years, a whole generation!

The temperature of the water ceased to be reported even before the end of August; the hours of high and low tide were no longer given. Twice when the reporters came down to see the yacht-race off our beach the bulletin-board was covered with yellow telegrams from the coast where it was really seen boasting the victory and triumphant defeat of the *Defender*. This quickened our pulses for the moment; and one night the ladies all put on their best dresses, and assembled for a progressive euchre party in the vast acreage of the parlor. It was a heroic but perhaps desperate act of gayety.

II.

One of the most striking natural phenomena of the hotel closing was the arrival of the gulls on our beach, or rather on the waters beyond the beach. I had wondered at their absence all August long, but punctually on the first day of September they came. The weather had not changed for them any more than for the guests who fled the place at the same date, but perhaps the wild wheeling and screaming things had a prescience of the autumnal storms, and came with prophetic welcome in their wings, which the tempests have not yet responded to.

Otherwise the premonitions of change were within the hotel itself, and they were more impressive whenever they assumed an official character. It was with a real emotion that one day I missed one of the clerks out of the number within the office. He was there, and then he was not there; it was as if he had been lost overboard during his watch. I had scarcely recovered from his loss when another clerk, upon whose distribution of the mail we all used to hang impatient for the equal disappointment of letters or no letters, ceased from his ministrations as if he had all along been a wraith of mist, and had simply melted away. The room clerk, who was a more definite personality to us, went next, with a less supernatural effect; he even said he might come back, but he has not come back, and the office force is reduced to the cashier and a young clerk not perceptible earlier in the season.

At all great hotels the landlord is usually a remote and problematical personage, and so it was with ours until the office force began to thin away around him. Then he became more and more visible, tangible, conversable, and proved a distinctly agreeable addition to our circle, in which the note of an increasing domesticity was struck. I do not know of anything that gave so keen a sense of our resolution into a single family, still large, but insensibly drawn together by the need of a mutual comfort and encouragement, as the invasion of the hotel by a multitude of crickets. Whether it was the departure of the human host which tempted the crickets in-doors, or whether it was some such instinct as brought the gulls to our seas, they were all at once all over the place, piercing its deepening silence with their harsh stridulation. In the chambers they carked so loud and clear that one could hardly sleep for them, and in the glooming reaches and expanses of the corridors, parlors, halls, and dining-room they shrilled in incessant chorus.

III.

After the first moment, when the association with the home hearth and the simple fireside evenings of other days had spent itself, the crickets were rather awful, and personally I would rather have had the band back. But their weird music prompted a closer union of the guests, and our chairs were more together on the veranda and in the office. We found that we were very charming and interesting people, and I began to wonder if I had not lost more than I could ever make good by not seeking the acquaintance of the seven hundred others who were gone. From day to day, from night to night, our numbers were lessened, but we never spoke of the departures; we instinctively recognized that it would have been bad form; we were like the garrison of a beleaguered city, that lost a few men by famine or foray from time to time, but kept a heroic pretence that we were as many as ever. Or, we were like a shipwrecked crew clinging to a waterlogged vessel, and caught from it now and then by a hungry shark or a hungry wave, or dropping away into the gulf from mere exhaustion.

These figures are rather violent, and present only a subjective effect in the more sensitive spirits. As a matter of fact we lived luxuriously all the time. The time came when we heard that on a certain day the *chef* was going, but we should not have known that he was gone by any difference in the table. It grew rather more attractive; if there were fewer dishes, they were better cooked; one could fancy a touch of personal attention in them, which we could not have fancied when we were seven hundred and fifty at table, and the help who served us were three hundred and fifty.

IV.

These had gradually dwindled away till there were not more than fifty. I had kept my waiter through-all; he was a quiet elderly man of formed habits, whom I associated with the idea of permanency in every way, so that I could scarcely believe that we were to be parted. But one morning he was seized by the curious foreboding of departure which seemed really one of its symptoms among his tribe, and he said he did not know but he should be going soon. I said, Oh, I hoped not; and he answered bravely that he hoped not too, but he shook his head, and we both felt that it was best to let a final half-dollar pass silently between us in expression of a provisional farewell.

That was indeed the last of him, and that day when I came in to lunch, I found that I was appointed another table, in another place, with another waiter to take my order. It was a little shock, but I was not unprepared. I had noted the gradual dismantling of the tables until now they stretched long rows of barren surfaces down the tenth of a mile which the dining-room covered, and showed their reverberated labyrinth in the mirrors of the vast sideboards at either end of the hall. The remaining guests were snugly grouped on the seaward side of the room, where our tables commanded the marine views that I had long vainly envied others.

But after the first transition I was changed to another table with another waiter, a tall student from Yale, who joined to a scholarly absence of mind concerning my wants an appreciation of my style of jokes that went far to console me, though I was not sure that it was quite decorous for him to laugh at them when they were addressed to others. I tried to grapple him to me with early and frequent donatives, and he would have been willing enough to stay; but the guests kept going and the helpers were cut off, one by one, till the hour came when we both felt—

> "The first slight swerving of the heart
> That words are powerless to express,
> And leave it still unsaid in part,
> Or say it in too great excess."

The next morning he told me he was going; and as I sauntered down to take the train for a brief flight to New York, I saw him on the platform in citizen's dress and smoking a cigarette. He was laughing and joking with some of the waiters who still lingered, and bidding them take care of themselves, and promising a like vigilance of his own welfare.

After that there was the short interlude of a single meal when I was served by a detached waiter, before I was handed over to the kindly helper who now has charge of me. I cling to him anxiously, for I do not know what day or hour I shall lose him; I do not know how soon he may lose me!

In the passing of the head porter there was something deeply dramatic, almost tragic for me. We had become acquaintances, friends, even, I hope, and I had become sensible of the gradual disappearance of his subordinates until they were reduced to what I may call the tail porter in contradistinction to the head porter. Then the head porter said that he had a great mind to be going himself; but when I asked him why, he could not well say, and he agreed with me that it might be better for him to stay. We counted up the remaining families together, and found them twenty, and I convinced him that by the most modest computation here were twenty dollars in fees before him. I thought that I had secured his allegiance to the end, but the very morning before the pensive record of these events, I went to look for him in his accustomed place to get my shoes "shined," and he was not there. The barber was there, looking in a vague disoccupation across the marshes to the northward of the hotel, and I asked him where the porter was. He closed his eyes that he might open his lips the more impressively, and breathed the word "Andato."

"Gone!" I echoed.

The barber is a beautifully smiling, richly languaged Sicilian, and he responded in an elegant sympathy with my dismay: "Si; andato. Me ne vado anch' io, fra pochi giorni. M' impazzo qui. Guarda!" (Yes; gone. I am going, I myself, in a few days. I madden here. Look!) With the last word he touched my arm lightly to make me turn, and pointed to the long plank footway, stilted upon the marshes from one to the other side of the railroad curve, and leading to the boat-house on the bay beyond their wide levels. Midway of this I saw a solitary figure, whose lank length and forward droop I could not mistake. The departing porter looked like the last citizen abandoning the ruins of Persepolis, and I—I felt like Persepolis!

V.

I strive, perhaps in vain, to impart a sense of the slowly creeping desolation, the gradual paresis, that was seizing upon the late full and happy life of our hotel; and I have not strictly observed the order of the successive events. I have not spoken of the swift evanescence of the bell-boys, the first of whom began so jubilantly with me when I came, covenanting to deliver a pitcher of ice-water at my door every morning at ten, and every evening at eight. He was faithful to his trust, and embarrassed me with a naughty superfluity of ice-water, which ten men could hardly have drunk, and lived; but when the economic frame of our hotel began to be shaken, he was early in warning me that he might go at any moment. He was No. 18, but he promised me that No. 10 would see that I was daily and nightly deluged with ice-water, and No. 10 was exemplarily true to me for a day. Then he vanished too, with a grateful sense, I hope, of my folly in bestowing a preliminary half-dollar upon him. But he had made interest for me, I found, with No. 4, and No. 4 deluded me by his fleeting permanency for a week. One morning he told me he was going, and he took a last half-dollar from me with a true compassion for my forlorn case. He was so visibly the last of the bell-boys that he could not assign me to a lower number. For one night the head porter brought my ice-water. Now the night porter brings it, and if he should leave before I do— But I will not anticipate, as the older romancers used to say. I will not look forward, even in the case of the chamber-maids, of whom there have been already three changes, with the prospect next week of having in some of the laundry girls to do up the work.

VI.

The laundry itself was attacked ten days ago by the general paralysis of the hotel's functions, so far as the guests' linen was concerned, which has since had to be sent far inland by the enterprise of one of the bathing-pavilion men, and precariously returned on a variable date. I forget whether the laundry succumbed before or after the closing of the refreshment-room. The hotel sold no strong drinks, and the magnificent facilities of the bar were inadequately employed by a soda fountain, a variety of mineral waters in bottles, a supply of ginger ale, and lemons for lemonade. On an opposite counter were Huyler's candies, and a choice of chewing-gum; the useful and salubrious pepsin, or the merely pleasing but innocent peppermint. When the moment for dismantling this festive place arrived, with the unexpectedness of all the other moments of our slow dehabilitation, I was present, and saw the presiding genius packing up his stock of lemons. It gave me a peculiar pang. I had never bought any of them, or wanted any, but I had personally acquainted myself with almost every example of the fruit; I knew those lemons apart, and from often study of them on their shelf, as I stood hardily sipping my ginger ale before the counter, I was almost as intimate with them as with the stock of the news-dealer.

I must say that as to the books his stock was terribly dull. He owned himself that it was dull, and when I asked him where in the world he got together such a lot of stupid books, he could only say that they were such as were appointed to be sold in summer hotels by the news company. The newspapers were rather better; if they were not livelier, they were lighter, or at least more ephemeral. I bought freely of them; the dailies in the morning, and the weeklies in the afternoons, with their longer leisure. I bought the magazines, which are now often as cheap as the papers, and, unlike the books, are seldom dull all through. Then I formed the intimacy of many illustrated papers which I did not buy, but studied on the strings where they hung stretched high over the counter. In one was the picture of a young lady habited in the mingled colors of Yale and Princeton, with a Cupid throwing a football at her heart. She was a great resource, and could not be stared out of countenance.

Besides, there was on a wire frame over the show-case a platter, of native decoration, representing the whole of Long Island in a railroad map. It was a strangely ugly object, like some sort of sad, dissected fish, but fascinating. The news-dealer and I had often discussed its price, and I had invariably refused it at $1 25, though it was originally put upon the market at $2 50.

After he had packed up his stock, I could hold out no longer. I looked about for him, and found him playing checkers with the ex-keeper of the refreshment-room. I asked him if that hideous platter had now got down to a dollar, and he went and hunted it out of his stock. Upon inspection he seemed to discover that it was still $1 25. In a desperation I paid the money; and almost at the same moment the news-dealer's place knew him no more, and I remained with my platter for a memorial of one of the weirdest experiences of a life which has not been barren of weirdness.

W. D. HOWELLS.

MOONLIGHT.

I.—COUNTRY.

OVER umbrageous fields and hills,
  Where birds were joyous through the day,
And warbled their melodious trills
  In their own sweet, melodious way,
The moon, the golden summer moon,
Turns darkness to an argent noon.

A ghostly silence fills the earth,
  A hush of golden strain and song;
There is no single sound of mirth
  Through all the tenderful night long,
And soft winds quiver through the trees,
Salt with the odors of the seas.

II.—CITY.

Down shrouded lines of populous streets
  And boisterous gas-lit avenues,
Where all life's bitters and its sweets,
  Where all that life desires or rues,
All that love holds and all it mars,
Wakens or sleeps beneath the stars—

The moon shines down like some far ghost,
  Pitiful in its tender mien,
Pitiful to the weary host
  That slumber silently unseen,
A host of eager souls that bear
Glad hope and tenebrous despair.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

A TRIUMPHAL EVENING

FROM THE PAINTING BY RODOLPHE ERNST, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, 1895.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

DELHI—THE MOGUL CAPITAL.

DELHI is in some respects the representative city of the Indian Empire. This does not arise from its vast antiquity, for in this region of ancient civilization there are many cities with a much more ancient record. Nor is it the possession of the grandest architectural remains, for even in the great buildings of the Mussulman period Agra possesses several that are unequalled in India. It is rather the fact that all the associations of the empire of the Moguls when India was at the pinnacle of its splendor under a native sovereignty centre in and around the city that makes it at once of special interest to strangers, and a subject of patriotic pride to the natives of the country. To this fact also was owing the great part which the city was destined to play in the history of the great mutiny of forty years ago. To the native mutineers Delhi symbolized the native Empire of India, and in the desperate struggle for its possession they put forth the greatest and last of their energies.

Although not one of the ancient cities of India, as cities may be reckoned ancient in that country, Delhi has an ancient as well as a modern history. In the tenth century it was a great city, and six centuries later mention is made by the early European travellers of the remains of the old Delhi, which had even then given place to a more modern successor. The antiquarian researches of the last thirty years have, indeed, brought to light the fact that on the site of what has either in ancient or modern times been the city there exist the remains of six different cities, that represent different periods of Indian history, and cover in all a space of forty-seven square miles. The period of the greatness of Delhi as the empire city of India, however, dates only from the time of the conquest of the country by the Moguls, about the year 1530. From that time until the beginning of the eighteenth century the empire was governed by a succession of princes of commanding ability, who for the most part made Delhi their residence as well as the capital of their empire. From that time, through a period of gradual decay, the Moguls still held their seat of diminishing authority there, until 1857, when they were finally swept away in the suppression of the great rebellion which will probably always be known by the inadequate though significant name of the Great Mutiny.

The first places of interest shown to the visitor, unless indeed his interests are centred, as those of many English visitors still are, in the scenes of the mutiny, are the fort and palace of the great Moguls. The great gate facing the city gives entrance to what will probably remain as the finest specimen of an Oriental palace which has ever existed. The space enclosed is a large one, for Oriental ideas of magnificence, unlike those of Western nations, required space as its first quality. A palace jostled by commoner buildings, to the Eastern mind, is as destructive to the idea of dignity, as a sovereign placed in the same relation to a mob would be. Thus the palace enclosure, though part of a great city, embraces a space measuring sixteen hundred feet by three thousand two hundred feet, in various parts of which are placed the palace buildings, built generally of white marble. The high and massive walls that surround this great parallelogram are the least formidable defence of the place, which is really constituted by the heavy earth-works which are thrown up within and overtop the stone-work, as appears in our view.

Of the palace buildings themselves the two great halls of audience are the most famous, and probably the most attractive. Of these the "Diwan-I-Amm," or hall of public audience, in which the Mogul emperors sat from day to day to administer justice personally to all-comers, without respect of persons, was the largest, and in some respects the most beautiful. To enter it the visitor ascends five steps to the level of the floor. It is open on three sides, and is one hundred and eighty-four feet long by about two-thirds that width. Near the centre is the divan or throne of the Emperor, placed against the wall, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of artistic work in inlaying in the world. On this wall the birds, beasts, and flowers of India are portrayed in stones of the most exquisite color and polish, each characteristic shade, shape, and attitude of animal or flower being preserved in perfect and imperishable colors. There is, indeed, nothing more splendid among the wonders of Eastern art than this wall, which remains as the memorial of a royal magnificence unapproached in the palaces of European monarchy.

The "Diwan-I-Khas," or private audience-hall of the emperors, stands just beyond the public chamber. It is smaller in size, and entirely different in its interior design, though its general architectural model is very similar from the exterior. It is ninety feet long by sixty broad. It, too, is built of white marble, but every part of wall and roof is inlaid with gold and stones of great value, applied in arabesque designs of the richest form and color. It was in this hall that the famous peacock throne stood, from which on great occasions of state the Mogul emperors gave forth their edicts. The throne itself was of solid gold, and was inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The peacocks from which it took its name were two gigantic birds of gold, standing behind the throne with tails outspread, and so inlaid with variously colored precious stones as to represent to the life the natural coloring of the birds. The value of the throne in materials alone is said to have amounted to the equivalent of nearly six million pounds sterling.

Outside the limits of the great palace, probably the finest building in Delhi is the Jumma Musjid, or great mosque, the front of which, facing the great court-yard, may be seen in our picture. This is probably the largest and finest mosque in India, and is said to be almost unequalled in the beauty of its architectural proportions. It is built of a mixture of red stone and white marble, and the blending and contrast of the colors has an effect which can hardly be described. The mosque is two hundred and one feet long by a hundred and twenty-five feet wide. It was built between 1650 and 1660, and it is said to have employed five thousand men during five years in its erection.

Another class of buildings in which India excels all other parts of the world, and the Mogul period equally excels all other periods of Indian art, is that which is represented by our view of the tomb of the Nizam ud din Auliya. This very beautiful mausoleum, which is situated at some distance from Delhi, near Indrapat, on part of the site of one of the older cities that successively bore the name of Delhi, consists rather of a group of buildings than a single structure. The central one, however, which is the main subject of our illustration, is that in which the tomb was placed, and it is very beautifully decorated with inlaid-work in colored stones in the interior hall, as well as with delicate carvings and tracery in the marble of which the exterior is composed. This, as well as many other gems of art, in every variety of design, remains almost as much a deserted ruin among ruins as a tombstone in an old country graveyard in lands where monumental art is a simpler thing than it ever was in these Eastern lands, in which there was no medium between the gorgeous mausoleum of the great and the unremembered spot where the common people found a last refuge from the tyranny of life.

Our illustration of the blessed tank which, blessed by a Mussulman saint, is believed to have the desirable quality of drowning nobody in its waters, in spite of their depth of forty feet, affords another characteristic glimpse of old Delhi. Such tanks are the frequent memorials in that land of drought and sunshine of the benevolence of the wealthy and sainted, and seem to have taken in India somewhat the position of the hospital foundations with which the Western mind is more familiar. Few of these probably could boast any such immunity from accidents as that claimed for the blessed well, but all no doubt have been a boon to succeeding generations of bathers.

The new era of Delhi is well represented by the great railway bridge that spans the noble river Jumna as it rolls on its way to join the Ganges at Allahabad. The bridge, which is a fine example of its class, provides on its upper way for the trunk railway which connects the upper provinces with the Bay of Bengal, and on its lower for the great miscellaneous traffic on both sides of the river. The older and more native ideas of transportation find a representative in the elaborately adorned jut-cart, with its canopy and its team of white zebu-oxen, which somehow harmonize with the surroundings of Indian architecture and Oriental scenery more naturally than the great iron girder bridge and the rushing steam-horse.

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

XVIII.

WINSLOW was standing at the window of his father's office anxiously awaiting Ezra Pierce's return from the interview with Sam Sargent. The sparse drizzle of the early morning had now changed to a steady downpour. At last Winslow caught sight of his father at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, just about to cross the muddy roadway. Even in the stress of his doubt and dread the son noted that his father had no umbrella, and that the ill-fitting overcoat was not properly buttoned.

When Ezra Pierce entered his own dingy office, with its hard-coal fire red-hot in the thin grate, he found Winslow at the door, scarcely able to disguise his impatience.

"Well?" cried the son, when once the door of the private office was closed upon them, "did you see him?"

"I saw him," Ezra Pierce answered, "and he has agreed to sell me the certificates you raised—"

"He doesn't suspect me, does he?" the son asked, in fear.

"Apparently he knows more about you than I do," the father answered. "He knows where you spent the money you stole. It seems the woman is a friend of his, too."

"That's all over now," Winslow responded, abruptly, avoiding his father's eyes as best he could. "That is—well—it's all over, anyhow. What's important now is his willingness to let you have those certificates."

"Those and all the others he had," the father returned. "He makes money out of my necessities. He insists on my buying all his Barataria Consolidated at par."

"What does the price matter so long as you've got the stock back?" asked Winslow, impatiently. "You've plenty of money, haven't you? And I don't see a better use for it than keeping your only son out of jail."

Ezra Pierce looked at his only son, and was shocked at the change in his manner, at the absence of respect, at the cynicism of his speech, at the many evidences of moral disintegration. He did not know what to make of the transformation. He was wholly at a loss to understand his own boy. Rarely were two men more dissimilar externally and internally; and yet, as the two stood there by the window of the private office, with the gray light falling upon them, no one who saw them could doubt their relationship. That they were father and son was obvious to the most casual observer, though they had not a feature or a sentiment in common.

"Perhaps my money may not be able to keep you out of jail, after all," said Ezra Pierce, almost resentfully. "Sargent's shares I'm to have, but there's also the stock bought by that man Poole."

"Cyrus Poole?" Winslow repeated, and his face blanched. "Has he got some of the shares I—I altered?"

"He has, and he suspects you of the forgery," said the father.

"Then you must see him at once!" cried the son. "See him, and square him, too!"

"And suppose he won't let me square him, as you call it?" Ezra Pierce retorted. "What then?"

"But he will!" Winslow answered, hotly—"offer him money enough, and he will. Why shouldn't he?"

A tap came at the door, and Farebrother handed in a sealed envelope. Ezra Pierce tore it open hastily, and found the promised statement from Sam Sargent.

"Is the messenger waiting?" he asked.

"Yes," was Farebrother's answer.

"Then tell him to go," said Ezra Pierce. "Tell him to say that I'll call on Mr. Sargent myself."

"On Mr. Sargent?" echoed the clerk, in astonishment. "Why, I thought—" Then he checked himself, remembering in time that he had no right to speculate about the persons whom his employer might choose to see.

After Sargent's messenger had gone, Ezra Pierce came into the main office.

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "make me out a check for $117,237 to my own order. Charge it to my private account."

When the check was ready he signed it, and sent Farebrother to the bank to have it certified. Then he took it himself to Sam Sargent's office; and a quarter of an hour later he returned, with a thick envelope in an inner pocket.

Then he sat down at his desk and took out the stock. He put on his glasses, and he examined the certificates one by one, holding them up to the light, and studying the altered figures and amounts.

While his father was doing this, Winslow was fidgeting about the little room, sitting down, and getting up the moment after to stand by the window and stare out at the rain-splashed front of the Stock Exchange opposite.

At last Ezra Pierce looked up and asked, "Are they all like these?"

"All those I altered?" Winslow returned. "Yes. They are all like that."

"Then that man Poole can send you to Sing Sing if he chooses to," the father said. "I don't see how a thing of this sort could deceive anybody. I suppose that they didn't think of looking twice at anything that came from my office—they knew I was an honest man."

Winslow pulled his mustache impatiently. "There's no use discussing why it was they took them," he responded; "what you've got to do now is to get them back as soon as you can."

"And suppose I can't?" the father returned. "Suppose that man Poole would rather injure me again than get his money back?"

"But what's the good of supposing?" Winslow asked. "If you offer him big money he's bound to take it."

"I don't think so," Ezra Pierce answered; "he's a very hard man. And if he took my money, how do I know he'd keep faith with me? He's broken a promise to me before now."

"Then what are we going to do?" cried Winslow.

"Perhaps there is something in Mr. Sargent's suggestions," said his father.

"What's that?" Winslow asked, eagerly.

"He thought you had best go away"—the father explained—"to London—or to Paris—"

"To Paris?" repeated the son, with a distinct appreciation of all the facile pleasures of the French capital. "That's not a bad idea. Perhaps it would be best for me to be out of the way when you negotiate with Cyrus Poole. If he knows he can't get me into Sing Sing in a hurry, perhaps he'll be reasonable and take his money."

"So you are quite willing to go off to Europe, and leave your father here alone to settle with the men you have defrauded?" asked Ezra Pierce, rising and standing over his son.

"Well," Winslow answered, hesitatingly, "of course it wouldn't be for long, and you'd have Mary to take care of you."

"So you would leave your wife, too?" the father inquired.

"What's the good of my taking Mary when I may not be gone more than a month or two?" retorted the son. "Why, if you can fix this thing up, I can be back by New Year's."

Ezra Pierce said nothing, but he walked over to the window slowly.

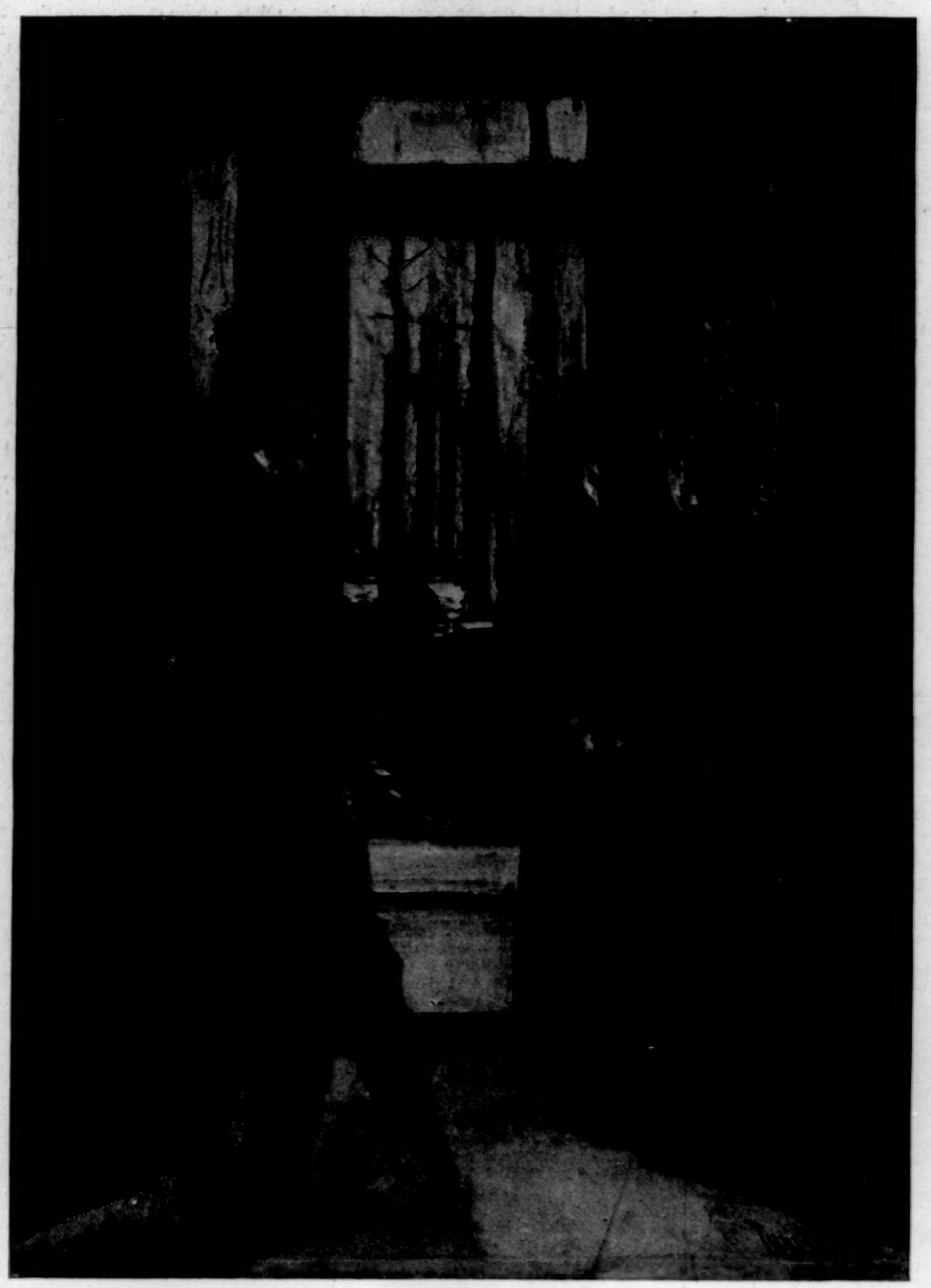
"There's no use feeling mean about it," Winslow declared. "It's better to have me in Paris than to have me in Sing Sing, isn't it? I wonder if there's a good steamer to-morrow?"

So, with very little more discussion a decision was reached that it would be easier for the father to placate Poole if the son were out of the reach of the owner of the altered certificates.

Against his father's advice, Winslow determined not to tell Mary. He dreaded to face her clear dark eyes while he should explain why it was that he had to fly the country. He resolved to leave her without a word of farewell. In the morning he told her that he had to go out of town hurriedly—to Philadelphia—and he might be gone overnight, so he was taking a valise. He went into the nursery and kissed the baby. His wife came to the door with him, and saw Sanchez put the valise in the cab. Then he kissed her good-by, also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went down the steps.

His father got into the cab with him, and they drove away together from the house in Madison Square to which Winslow had brought his bride, and which he was never to see again; in which his baby had been born, and in which his mother had died.

About half past eleven o'clock that Saturday morning, when the swift *Chicago*, with Winslow Pierce on board, sped down the bay past the Statue of Liberty, Mary his wife was holding her sleeping baby in her lap while she read the letter which Sanchez had just brought her, and which her husband had written the night before to explain to her the reasons making his flight imperative. And at that hour, also, Ezra Pierce had just left his own office in Broad Street to seek an interview with Cyrus J. Poole.



"HIS WIFE CAME TO THE DOOR WITH HIM."

XIX.

One morning in June, a little more than eighteen months after Winslow Pierce had sailed away from his native land in haste and in secrecy, leaving his wife and child behind, Arrowsmith and Farebrother were alone in Ezra Pierce's office. The old bookkeeper was standing at his tall desk, busy over his work as usual; and as usual clerk the younger was posed before the empty fireplace, as though warming his back at a non-existent fire.

Farebrother had a journal in his hand, and he was reading a paragraph in it with obvious enjoyment.

"I say, Arrowsmith," he began, "have you seen the *Stock Exchange Standard* this week?"

"No," answered the bookkeeper. "I never see it; I don't want to see it."

"You're losing lots of fun, then," returned Farebrother. "It's going for the old man this week; and I tell you it makes the fur fly. Listen to this, now: 'The devil still takes care of his own. It is Ezra Pierce who has led the new raid on Niobrara Central, and it is understood that he has made a million dollars by the decline of the past week. The vigor with which this white-haired old speculator has assaulted the stock President Poole has been heroically defending was worthy of a better cause. It is a great pity that the most advanced modern theology has reformed hell out of existence; hell was no place for unbaptized

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

babies, of course, but it was very useful as a menace to unregenerate millionaires.' How's that? I wonder what the old man will think of that?"

"I don't," Arrowsmith responded. "He won't think of it at all—because he won't see it."

"Pity, isn't it?" said the other. "I confess, I'd like to see him read it, just to see how he'd take it."

Arrowsmith shrugged his shoulders silently.

"But of course I don't want to worry the old man any more than is necessary," Farebrother pursued. "I guess he's got about as much as he can stand, strong as he is. He looks pretty run down this spring, doesn't he? I don't believe he's ever got over the Prince Imperial's running away. And it is pretty rough on the old man to have his only son skip out to Paris and stay there."

Arrowsmith made no reply.

Then Farebrother threw the *Stock Exchange Standard* into the waste-paper basket, and crossed over to the desk at which his fellow-employé was standing.

"I say, Arrowsmith," he said, lowering his voice, "do you understand the Young Napoleon's conduct? I don't. Why did he run away in a hurry? Why don't he come back? Why is he staying over there in Paris, having a high old time, when he has a wife here?"

Arrowsmith laid down his pen and faced Farebrother, as though he were going to answer these questions. Then, before he spoke, he changed his mind, apparently. Turning back to his desk, and taking up his pen again, he responded, "How should I know anything about it?"

"You do know a great deal more than you'll tell," returned Farebrother, disappointed. "You're not a brilliant conversationalist, you're not. You don't keep up your end of the talk."

Arrowsmith smiled grimly, but he said nothing.

"Tell me one thing, then?" persisted Farebrother. "Why doesn't his wife go over to Europe after him?"

Arrowsmith looked over his shoulder at the other as he answered, "How do you know she doesn't think it her duty to remain at home and take care of Mr. Pierce?"

"Oh, I suppose she does," Farebrother returned. "That must be the reason she stays here. But you'd think she'd think it her duty to go over to Paris and keep her young hopeful of a husband out of mischief. If all I hear is true, there's enough mischief lying round loose in Paris to let any wife have lots of exercise keeping her husband out of it. And you know what a weak softy the heir-apparent is. If there was hardly any mishief to be had he'd be in the thick of it, certain sure—wouldn't he?"

Again Arrowsmith shrugged his shoulders and made no response.

But Farebrother was a talker who was fairly satisfied so long as he had a listener.

"I went to Doctor Thurston's church yesterday," he continued. "I do, sometimes; just to keep an eye on the old man, and see that he isn't in mischief on Sunday. But he wasn't there yesterday; guess he must have been having a conference with Silvige & Cusachs. But she was there, with the baby; it's a nice child now, nearly three and a half years old, so she told me. I had a little chat with her as we came out. I like her, you know; I always did. She's pretty, too, and as independent as you please. What do you suppose that baby said? You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. She looked up at me and she said, 'Do you know my papa?' And I told her I did; and then she said, 'My papa is in Paris on very important business, and maybe some day he'll come back to me and mamma.' Funny, wasn't it?"

"It was very amusing indeed," answered the bookkeeper, dryly.

"Oh, what's the use of my talking to you?" asked the other, walking over to the ticker between the windows.

Taking up the tape, he read a few quotations.

"Hello!" he cried, suddenly; "Niobrara has opened four points lower. Guess the old man has got Cyrus Poole this time."

While Farebrother was bent over the paper ribbon which the instrument was ticking forth, a slim, boyish young man opened the outer door of the office.

"Is Mr. Ezra Pierce in?" asked the new-comer.

"He'll be down soon," Farebrother answered, coming forward.

"Perhaps you can tell me what I want," said the young man. "I'm from the *Gotham Gazette*, and I'm sent down here to get all the news about this marriage."

"What marriage?" asked Farebrother.

"This marriage of Mr. Pierce's son," was the answer.

"But he was married four years ago," laughed Farebrother. "That's pretty stale news for a live paper."

"I mean the marriage in Paris yesterday," said the reporter.

Farebrother looked at Arrowsmith, who did not turn around, but went on with his own work calmly.

"Yesterday?" Farebrother ejaculated, finally.

"There is a report—" the boyish journalist began, when the outer door opened again, and a tall, ungainly young fellow entered.

When the latest arrival caught sight of his predecessor he laughed.

"That ain't fair," he cried. "You haven't any business here. It ain't the *Gazette's* beat; it's the *Dial's*."

The more gentlemanly of the two newspaper men paid no attention to this outbreak.

"There's a report," he began, "that Winslow Pierce got a divorce in Germany somewhere, and that he married an Austrian ballet-dancer in Paris yesterday."

"This is the first I've heard of it," declared Farebrother. "I don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

"But it was cabled to us by our own man in Paris," broke in the representative of the *Daily Dial*, "and he says he had talked with the lady, and she said she'd been married to Winslow Pierce by the Lord Mayor of Paris two months ago."

"Well, I talked with Mr. Winslow Pierce's wife here in New York yesterday," said Farebrother; "and if she'd been divorced, then I'm sure she didn't know it."

"Is his first wife here in town?" asked the reporter of the *Gotham Gazette*, with increased interest.

"Where can I see her?" cried the representative of the *Daily Dial*.

Before Farebrother could answer these questions Arrowsmith turned around and said, "Mrs. Winslow Pierce left New York last night to visit relatives in San Francisco."

"Guess she'd got the news, then," remarked the uncouth reporter. "She didn't want to face the music, and so she skipped the town."

His more civilized comrade noted the expression of Farebrother's face as Arrowsmith broke into the conversation. "If she's gone away," he said, "there's no use my bothering about this any more. I'll come back to see Mr. Ezra Pierce some time this afternoon." And the two journalists went out of the door together.

When they were gone the bookkeeper turned to Farebrother. "Write a letter to young Mrs. Pierce," he said, "and tell her not to see a reporter under any circumstances."

"Oh, I see," Farebrother answered, as he went to his own desk, above which was the messenger call.

He wrote the note at once, and the messenger had just taken it, when Ezra Pierce entered the office.

His tall form stooped more than ever; his hair was now almost white; but his step was still firm, and his manner was as imperious as of old.

"Is the French steamer in yet?" was his first question, thrown at Farebrother as he opened the door.

"It came up the bay late this morning," the clerk answered; "but the mail isn't distributed yet; at least, your letter hasn't come."

Ezra Pierce walked into his own office and took the chair before his desk. There was no lack of vigor in his manner, but the look of his eyes was weary.

Farebrother had gone over to the ticker again, and was reading what the instrument was spasmodically printing.

"Whew!" he cried. Then he turned towards the open door of his employer's office. "Here's news," he said.

Ezra Pierce looked up from the open letters on his desk.

"What news?" he asked, anxiously. "Is there anything wrong in Paris?"

"No," the clerk responded; "this news is from Chicago. A receiver has been appointed for Niobrara Central."

"I wonder how that man Poole will like that?" said Ezra Pierce, rising from his chair with ill-concealed exultation.

The outer door of the office opened again, and one of Silvige & Cusachs's clerks appeared.

"Is Mr. Pierce in, Farebrother?" he asked. "Then tell him that Cyrus Poole has just sent word to the Stock Exchange that he cannot meet his engagements. Mr. Cusachs thought Mr. Pierce would be glad to know."

The next comer was the postman, who laid a lot of letters on the desk before the bookkeeper. Arrowsmith picked out one in a handwriting he knew, and with the Paris postmark on it, and this he took into Ezra Pierce's private office.

The father seized it and tore it open before the bookkeeper was out of the room. It contained but a single sheet, and Ezra Pierce was able to read it almost at a glance.

"Money," he said, as he let the note fall from his hand —"always money."

THE END.

TRANSPORTATION AND ITS INCEPTION.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."
—*Midsumm r-Night's Dream*, Act II., Scene II.

THE first transport of which we have any record was called the Ark. It was commanded by Noah, our common ancestor; it was laden with live-stock; it carried a limited number of saloon passengers; and it made a very memorable and important voyage, landing on Ararat some thousand or fifteen hundred years after the Creation of the World, and materially affecting our entire commercial system.

An ark, literally, is a chest, a box, a coffer, a bin, a hutch, or other close receptacle. And Noah's Ark, according to Old Testament history, was a building of gopher-wood covered with pitch. What kind of wood was the gopher-wood the authorities have never determined. It is mentioned but once in the Bible—Genesis vi. 14—and whether it was cypress, or pine, or some other wood, no man at this time can tell. We only know that this gopher-wood Ark was three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits broad, and thirty cubits high; and we do not know what was the extent of a cubit. The cubit is the fore-arm; and a cubit measure is supposed to mean the distance between the elbow and the end of the thumb-nail, or the end of the forefinger. The Hebraic cubit is estimated variously at from nineteen to twenty-six inches. Whatever its size, the Ark could not have been what we now consider an uncommonly large boat, and the elephants and the giraffes who were among its living freight must have found themselves, sometimes, in comparatively close quarters. According to tradition, the Ark was an oblong floating house, with a door in the side and a window in the roof; and according to the First Book of Moses, called Genesis, it was one hundred and twenty years in building. It contained eight persons, and of all "clean" animals seven pairs, and of all "unclean" animals one pair, and of birds seven pairs of each sort.

The early illuminators of the Sacred Scriptures have given us quaint illustrations of the Ark, based upon a composite notion of the ships of their own day and the style of ship they fancied the Ark might have been. The Ark goes back very nearly to the beginning of history, for Noah, its master, was the son of Lamech, who is supposed to have been about fifty years old when Adam died, and he was the grandson of Methuselah, who for two hundred years was a contemporary of Adam. That Noah, therefore, might have known Adam is not at all improbable. Noah was five centuries old when Shem, Ham, and Japheth were born; and when the Ark was completed and the Deluge occurred, Noah, according to the old-fashioned *Dictionary of Dates*, must have been in the seven or eight hundredth year of his age. The voyage of the Ark lasted one hundred and fifty days, but another six months or more elapsed before the disembarkation took place and before the first Pilgrims landed on the original Plymouth Rock.

Noah's Ark, except for the fact that it floated, could hardly be considered a ship; for there is no record of its having any keel, any stem or stern, any rudder, any mast, any sail, any oar, any anchor, any cable; it was not intended or fitted up for any particular destination, nor was it built or designed to buffet strong seas or to meet with heavy weather.

The invention of the art of ship-building, Noah's Ark being accepted as merely a floating house, is attributed by some authorities to the Egyptians, the first ship brought from Egypt into Greece arriving, as is claimed, in the year 1485 B.C.; but navigation, according to other authorities, owes its origin to the early Phœnicians, and ships are mentioned by Moses, Job, and Balaam. Necho, or Neku, who reigned in Egypt between 616 and 600 B.C., began, according to Herodotus, to dig a canal which was to connect the Nile with the Red Sea; but he was admonished by an oracle to give the undertaking up, after a hundred and twenty thousand men had perished in the work, and he sent certain vessels, manned by Phœnicians, to circumnavigate Africa and to reach the Red Sea in a more roundabout way. This they accomplished in the course of three years.

The general system of navigation in ancient days, we are told, whether the vessel was impelled by oars or by sails, was to keep close to the shore, and never to venture into the open sea, except in order to reach an island or to cross a channel of moderate width. And all progress was almost universally suspended at nights and during the winter months. The ordinary rate of a day's sail, exclusive of the nights, was about thirty-five miles, and at every interval of that length the vessel put into land.

The invention and first use of the mariner's compass is shrouded in mystery. It has been ascribed to an Italian of the early days of the Fourteenth Century; but it is believed to have been known to the Chinese—who would seem to have known everything—and before the beginning of the Christian Era. One of the earliest descriptions of the compass is in the work of Guyot de Provins. "The mariners," he said, in 1205, "sail by a fixed star, and they have a contrivance which never deceives them, through the qualities of the magnet. They have an ugly brown stone which attracts iron; they mark the exact quarter to which the needle points which they have rubbed on to this stone and afterwards stuck into a straw. They merely put it in water, in which the straw causes it to swim; then the point turns directly towards the star with such certainty that it will never fail, and no mariner will have any doubt of it. When the sea is dark and foggy, that neither star nor moon can be seen, they place a lighted candle beside the needle, and have no fear of losing their way; the needle points direct to the star, and the mariners know the right way to take."

Robert Fulton started his steamboat on the Hudson in 1807, and Henry Bell performed the same feat on the Clyde in 1812; nevertheless, paddle-wheeled boats are believed to have been propelled by steam twenty years earlier. Fulton made his first voyage, in the *Clermont*, in thirty-three hours from New York to Albany. Mr. Bell's *Comet* ran between Glasgow and Greenock, and made the single journey in a day.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*, built and equipped in New York, from which port she sailed for Liverpool on the 15th of July, 1819, carrying twenty-six days later news to England.

The ox and the ass as beasts of burden date back to the days of Abraham; but the horse in biblical times figures only in connection with operations of war. And Pharaoh entreated Abram well, for Sarah, his wife's, sake; and he had sheep, oxen, and he-asses. And Abram rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him. Colonel Dodge, in his *Riders of Many Lands*, tells us that the horse was brought into Egypt by the Shepherd Kings less than seventeen hundred years before the dawn of the Christian Era, and that all of Pharaoh's horses and his chariots and his horsemen were drowned in the Red Sea two centuries later. No horse is to be seen depicted in the art of the earlier monuments of the Egyptians.

The earliest wagon of which there is any mention in the Bible was the vehicle sent by Joseph to bring the little ones and the wives and the father of his brethren into the land of Egypt, five or six centuries after the voyage of the Ark. Carts were sometimes used for the removal of the Ark of the Covenant and its sacred utensils; and when the Philistines sent this chest of shittim-wood back to the Israelites they made a new cart, and they tied two milch-kine to the cart, and they laid the Ark of the Lord upon the cart and drew it to the field of Joshua. And he clave the wood of the cart, and offered the kine a burnt-offering to the Lord. The Israelites themselves usually carried this ark upon two gold-covered poles, the priests who bore it walking always in advance of the hosts.

In Chaucer's day travel was universally accomplished on foot or on horseback, and the story of the famous ride to Canterbury by Chaucer himself is still extant in undefiled English. Ladies at that period sat in pillions fixed to the horses, and generally behind some relation or servitor. Elizabeth is said to have gone to open her fifth Parliament in a sort of cart without springs, the body resting solidly on the axle; which must have been a most uncomfortable journey, in view of the then wretched state of the streets and the highways. It was not until the end of the Sixteenth Century, and even then very rarely, that wagons were used as public conveyances. But by the middle of the Seventeenth Century strings of "stage-wagons" travelled regularly between London and Liverpool, and between London and the North. The occasional stage-coach appeared a few years earlier, and added greatly to the public comfort and convenience. It ran only on the better roads, and only in summer-time when the roads were passable. In winter it was laid up, like the canal-boat of cold countries. One of the earliest announcements of this mode of transportation is preserved by Robert Chambers, and thus it reads: "Whoever is desirous of going between London and York, or York and London, let them [*sic*] repair to the Black Swan in Holborn, or the Black Swan in Coney Street, York, where they will be conveyed in a stage-coach which starts (if God permits), every Thursday at five in the morning."

The stage-coach, like every innovation, had its enemies, and we find it denounced as "the greatest evil that has happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous to trade, and destructive to the public health"; and furthermore we are told that "those who travel in these coaches contract an idle habit of body, become weary and listless when they ride a few miles, and are then unable or unwilling to travel on horseback, and not able to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the field." In 1700 York was a week's journey from the metropolis, and even fifty years later a fortnight was consumed in going from London to Edinburgh, the coaches starting, God willing, once a month. The first coach between Edinburgh and Glas-

gow, in 1749, accomplished the distance in forty-four hours; and another vehicle was called "The Flyer" because it landed the Glasgow man in Edinburgh, and *vice versa*, in a day and a half! The earliest mail-coach started from London for Bristol on the 8th of August, 1784, at eight in the morning, reaching its destination at eleven at night. And it met with bitter opposition from the postal authorities when its employment was first suggested.

The hackney-coach was as unpopular in the beginning of its career as anything that ever went on wheels. One "Gossip Garrard," writing from London in 1639, speaks of it as being a new thing; and in connection with it he mentions a certain "Captain Baily, who hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole, in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men," he adds, "seeing this way, flocked to the same place and performed their journey at the same rate, so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down!" The good citizen shopkeepers of London complained bitterly that they were ruined by the hackneys, their customers being whisked past their establishments in a hurry, instead of being tempted, as they walked, to go in and buy the goods displayed in the windows. Taylor the Water-Poet, a waterman by profession, found his trade ruined also, and wrote an invective against the hackney-coaches, saying, among other things, that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat his dinner for the confused noise of them. And he continued that "a coach, like a heathen, a pagan, an infidel, or an atheist, observes neither Sabbath nor holiday, time nor season, robustiously breaking through the toil or net of divine or human law, order, and authority. . . . The coach is not capable of hearing what the preacher saith, nor will it suffer men or women to hear, for it makes such a hideous rumbling in the streets, by many church doors, that people's ears are stopped by the noise. . . . And by this means souls are robbed and starved of their heavenly manna."

An old print of the time of the First Charles shows the driver sitting on a sort of chair in front of his vehicle; while in the succeeding reign the driver is seen upon his horse itself, in true postilion style.

John Evelyn, writing from Naples in 1645, said, "The streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans"; and he added that the sedans "were brought hence first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb." The name sedan is supposed to be derived from Sedan, a town in France. These conveyances were used regularly in Great Britain after the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and their introduction was very nearly contemporary with that of the hackney-coach. There is a tradition that the original British sedan was the property of the favorite, Buckingham, who died in 1628, and who greatly disgusted the people because "he was making beasts of burden of his fellow-creatures." Sedans for many years were more popular in the capitals of Europe than carriages, especially in Edinburgh, where the narrow streets and steep hills made them convenient and comfortable. The sedan was usually "stabled" in the lobby of the town mansion, and being graceful in shape and richly decorated, it was made ornamental as well as useful. As Mr. Dobson puts it so charmingly, it has waited at portals where Garrick has played, it has waited at Heidegger's Grand Masquerade. Oh, the scandals it knows; oh, the tales it could tell, of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle! And now furbished up, and despatched with great care, it finds its last resting-place in a Fine Art Museum, this old sedan chair!

The omnibus in Paris dates back to the reign of Louis XIV., who, by a royal decree in 1662, established a line of public coaches, at a fare of five cents, to run at fixed hours, full or empty, from certain extreme ends of the town. The first 'buses, as they started from the Luxembourg or the Porte St.-Antoine, were met with hisses and stones; but for a time, when they were the mode, all Paris was mad to use them. After a while the fashion changed, neither the rich nor the poor would patronize them, and they were not seen in Paris until a century and a half later. They reappeared in the French capital in 1827, and they were found of great benefit in building barricades in the troubles of July, 1830. The first London omnibus ran from the Bank of England to the Yorkshire Stingo, in the New Road, on the 4th July, 1829. The fare was a shilling for the whole journey, sixpence for the half journey; and the passengers, all of them in the inside, were furnished with periodicals to read on the way!

Railroads did not come into existence, and then only in a very primitive form, and propelled by horse or man power, until the middle of the Seventeenth Century. In the *Life of Lord-Keeper North* they were thus described in 1676: "The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse can draw four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."

In the *Life of George Stephenson* we read that "in 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, in Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and the joinings of the rails. As this plan was pretty generally adopted, the roads became known as 'Outram roads,' and subsequently, for brevity's sake, 'tram-roads.'" A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, however, derives the word *tram* from the Latin "*trames*, an overthwart or crossway," and believes that we get our familiar word *tramp* from the same root. And he adds that tramways were used in Derbyshire long before Outram's day, one of planks and log sleepers having been laid between Shipley's coal-pit and the wharf near Newmansleys, a distance of about a mile and a half. Another *Querist* asks if the word is not of Scandinavian origin, *tromm* in Swedish dialects meaning a summer sledge. Brockett, in his *Glossary of North Country Words* (1825), defines *tram* as "a small carriage on four wheels, so distinguished from a sledge; the word is Gothic." And tram is an ancient Scotticism still in use, and meaning the shafts of a cart or a barrow.

The first experiment with a locomotive steam-engine is said to have been made in Wales in 1804. The machine succeeded in drawing several wagons on a tramway at the rate of about five miles an hour. It does not seem to have been employed to do regular work, and after a few trials it was abandoned. An improved locomotive engine, constructed by George Stephenson, began its career in 1814, and was considered a great success. In 1825 the Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for traffic, and it is claimed that this is the first public highway on which locomotive engines were exclusively employed. The satisfaction it gave led to the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester line, opened in 1830, on September 15th, when Mr. Huskisson, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished persons, was crushed to death under the wheels—an evil omen for the beginning of railways.

The first passenger-carriage on the Stockton and Darlington Line was the body of an old stage-coach fixed to a railway truck. The majority of the travellers on the opening day were forced to occupy empty coal-wagons. For some years luggage was placed on the top of the coaches and left to take care of itself. The guards sat in the same airy and exposed position, and the trains were started by a bugle, on which the tune "I'd be a butterfly" was played, probably as addressed to the guards and the luggage.

Railway tickets originally were made of paper, and were somewhat in the form of way-bills. Their evolution in different countries and at different times has been marked and great, and a collection of the many varieties of them would form an interesting hobby to those who have no more postage-stamps to gather.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE BICYCLE IN PARIS.

THE concerted action of bicyclists, particularly those belonging to the extensive organization known as the "Touring Club of France," has already been productive of serious benefits, not only to themselves, but to the general public. It has improved the condition of the highways, and created a new order of café-restaurant, where the public is reasonably sure of fair treatment. This innovation is at the expense of those who preside over suburban cafés of the old régime, where the stranger is often "skinned" before he is allowed to depart, where he must resign himself to accept an inferior quality of refreshment doled out in homœopathic doses, to receive doubtful silver as change, and to have part of it kept back by the garçon, who has always a plausible excuse, as that he thought "that monsieur had ordered a madère instead of vermout," "or that madame had eaten two cakes instead of one." After repeated experiences of this sort even the soothing sound of falling water or the florid glories of Japanese architecture, and other such embellishments, fail to smooth the ruffled temper of the unhappy guest.

The new restaurants, or cafés, as well as the older ones, which have modified their system to escape being boycotted, usually bear the initials U. V. F. (Union Vélocipédique Française) on a sign, and one or two of them, such as the Touring Club Restaurant near the Porte Maillot, have entered quite into the new movement, and have made themselves indispensable to cyclists as places of rendezvous or starting-points for long-distance races.

The "chalet of the Touring Club" is seen to the best advantage on summer evenings, just at that moment when the clusters of gas globes flare out, lighting up the canopy of chestnut leaves overhead, and the cabalistic monogram of the Touring Club at the entrance. The diners settle themselves at the small tables in the garden under the green roof of leaves or under the wide-spreading striped umbrellas; the Tsigane orchestra slowly begins tuning up, and the small boy with "Musique" inscribed on his cap is sent round to make the preliminary collection. The menu does not offer much variety; the dinner is at a fixed price, with a discount for those who can produce the engraved card of the T. C. F., and one must eat whatever is provided with white wine or red at discretion, unless he chooses to order a dinner *à la carte* and wait for it. But while waiting he cannot fail to note that there is a wide variety of costume among the diners, particularly among the ladies, and of types as well. Among these fair convives there are some who never fail to appear, if not at dinner, at the earlier hour consecrated to pale green or rose-colored appetizers imbibed with the aid of two straws, and a few of them, who look as if favored by the gods with perfect health, are seemingly ubiquitous. They pervade not only the Bois, but the whole surrounding country, and if one enters the grounds of that attractive restaurant fronting the Seine near the Suresnes bridge, where gay little tents, discreetly closed after sunset, but illuminated from within, are dotted over the lawn, he is sure to find them quietly enjoying the music, and wheeling away to the other place a few minutes later.

Should one breakfast at Pontoise or at Cernay-la-Ville, forty-three kilometres from Paris, the chances are that they are either just sauntering in, or finishing their coffee and ready to embark on another long cruise; but they are sure to appear at their favorite rendezvous, cool and unruffled, at the usual hour. They do not always come to dinner on wheels, but occasionally in cabs, or in coupés of irreproachable character, or in traps or pony-phaetons, and sometimes, not often, on foot. There are among them some who have made records (or broken them) and who have won prizes.

Fixed to the outer wall of the kiosk there is a washbowl, mirror, and other toilet accessories, and here, as they arrive, they repair damages, each taking his or her turn before the glass. When there is nothing else to amuse them they walk into the kitchen and interview the *chef*, and their spare moments—of which there are few, for they are seldom idle—are devoted to some sort of rose-colored correspondence, which involves much twisting about into picturesquely contorted attitudes, with intervals of profound abstraction. The lady with several twin dogs, all of the same size and color, similarly decorated by their canine barber, and alike wearing silver collars and knots of blue ribbon, never misses these social gatherings, but the order of her coming is seldom the same, and she has been known to appear in a miniature carriage decorated with flowers—but this was on the occasion of the fête des fleurs. The subdued hilarity which prevails is usually kept within decorous limits, and beyond a little romping now and then among the more irrepressible spirits, there is seldom any approach to unseemly levity. There is, however, a good deal of open flirtation going on around these little tables, and the actors are playing their parts in such serio-comic fashion, and paying such little heed to their neighbors, that the whole scene might well have been taken bodily out of some popular vaudeville; we shall doubtless see it reproduced on the stage with all the accessories within the coming year. The players who are enacting these little comedies for our entertainment are rarely the same on successive nights, and there is a continuous interchange of partners, producing always a new series of permutations and combinations. In addition to these young people, who constitute the decorative element, there are family parties with sleepy children and dogs—every table has its dog, and often two or three—dogs of every conceivable size and variety; some of them, held in leash or tied to their mistresses' chairs, tangle themselves up in vain efforts to scrape acquaintance with canine neighbors, trip up hurrying waiters, or sweep the glasses off the table with their tails when their height permits. Some huge St. Bernard or blood-hound of great presence and dignity is often the hero of the occasion, going from table to table, and being rewarded for his amiability with a rich harvest of bones.

At one table a group of young men, all wearing the badge of their order, are exchanging notes and planning a trip for the coming Sunday; but all rise and rush to the road when the man on the three-storied bicycle, some ten or twelve feet in height, goes by, preceded and followed by a fleet of smaller craft.

At this resort they seem able to live very happily without the tourist element, and, as a rule, the bourgeoisie and the ouvriers are conspicuously rare; but one may find them all at the Pavillon Chinois or at neighboring cafés, where bridal parties are taken care of by contract. On the evening preceding my departure for the Haute Marne the proprietor invited us to come at 3 A.M. to see the competitors start in the race to Dieppe, but unfortunately, as I had arranged to start from Vincennes at an early hour, I was obliged to forego the pleasure. We dined there again one hot night shortly after, when the upper story of the kiosk was ablaze with Chinese lanterns, and a long row of successful aspirants applauded the distribution of prizes to the winners of both sexes. As we linger on over the coffee and cognac, which is not at all bad for a dinner "à prix fixe," the crowd on the sidewalk outside thickens until there is quite a sea of faces peering over the stunted hedge at the lights and music inside, and these lookers-on are more generous of applause than the diners. What becomes of all these sunburnt viveurs, who live, like Robin Hood, under the greenwood tree or on the glaring white highways of France, when winter comes and the roads are heavy with mud and frost, is a mystery which has never been satisfactorily solved, save in the case of the fortunate ones who still glide on over the broad road from Cannes to Nice and Monte Carlo.

A HUMBLE QUAKER'S EMINENCE.

THAT his meek Quaker broadbrim should be exalted above all the earth was probably the last wish of William Penn in life. Yet his people, who are in closer touch with their founder than those of any other American community, have so willed it, and the altitude of his statue which tops the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall is immeasurably more than that of any other statue in the world. The eminence conferred upon him of 537 feet is believed, or at least was designed to be, by Philadelphians in a Babel-building mood, the greatest of any achieved by human hands. The burghers are sure, at least, that the image lifts its head higher into heaven than any other earthly image, even be it of carven saint upon cathedral spire.

Much criticism has been visited upon the Philadelphia Building Commission—a singular and uncontrollable body which a popular vote over twenty years ago set above the city government and the law itself—for pushing the monumental feature of the City Hall to completion before the practical work of housing the city government was done. Yet another generation will probably thank them, despite their boundless profusion—the building's cost approaches $20,000,000—for making the founder secure in his supervision of his old proprietorship. For, owing to demands for the abolishment of the commission, he was insecure unless the work was pushed through. There is a certain epic greatness in the notion of his looking down forever from his terrifying height upon the doings of the city, which in a larger degree than any other city owes its greatness to the man who planted it. While New York, Baltimore, Charleston, owe nothing to the first lords of their soil, and the debt to the Puritans is owed not by Boston, but the country at large, Philadelphia owed a century of primacy solely, and since has owed another century of a uniquely honorable position among cities, largely to the institutions of William Penn. He was the model city father of the Union.

There have been wide differences of opinion as to the architectural excellence of the building at Penn's feet. It has been commended by as cultured a critic as Edmund Gosse. Its defects have been scathingly set forth by technical authorities. Its cost has always stood between Philadelphians and a complete appreciation of its beauties. It is of the French Renaissance school. Its architect, McArthur, gave the whole of the last fifteen years of his life to its planning and erection. When it is finished, within as without, the municipal government will undoubtedly be the most sumptuously housed in the world. More interesting to the country at large is the fact that upon its completion all but the historic buildings in Independence Square will be demolished, and the State-House, containing Independence Hall, and the adjunct buildings in which the early Congress and Supreme Court sat during most of Washington's and practically all of Adams's administration, will be solely dedicated to glorious memory.

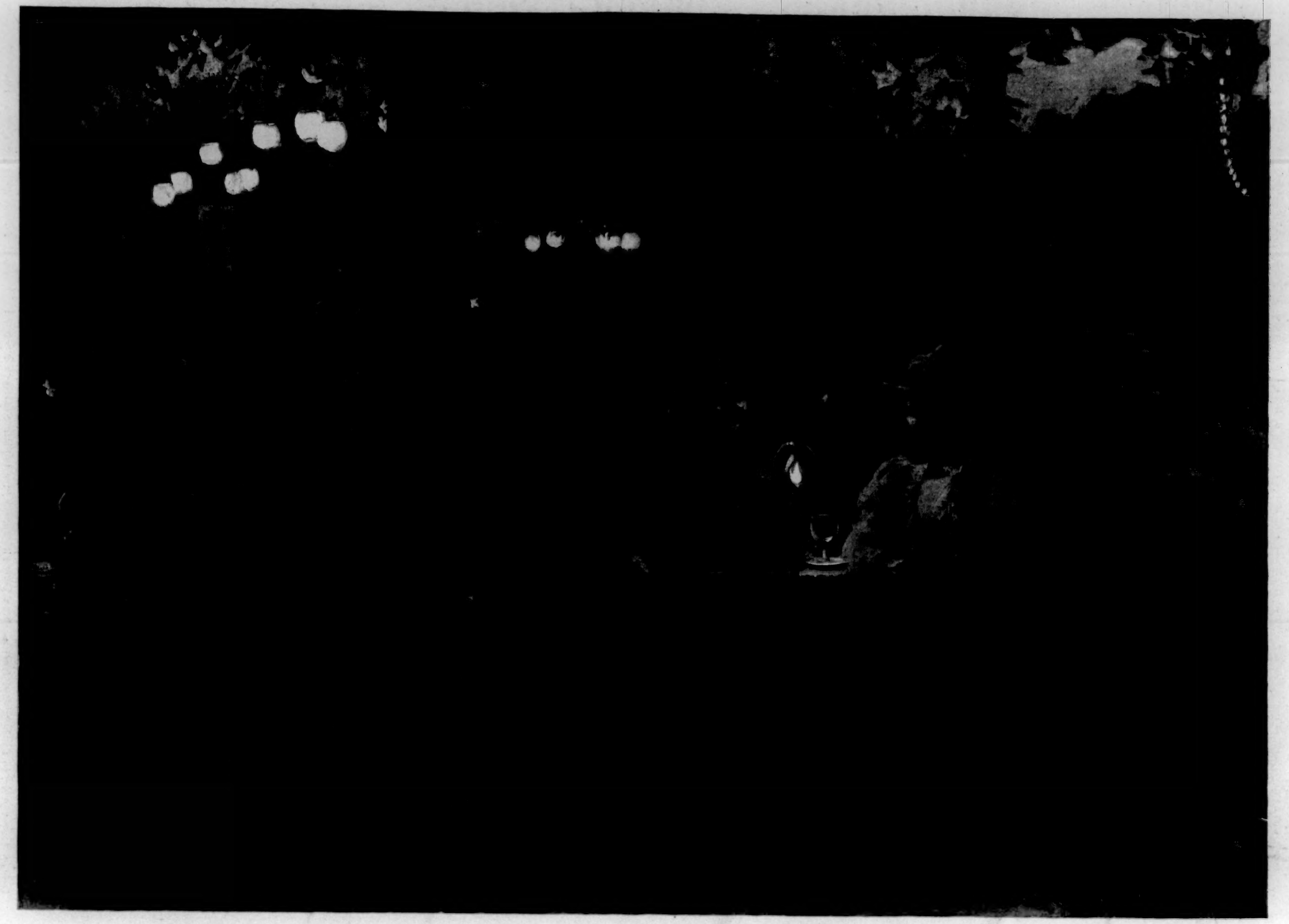
A. E. WATROUS.

THE NIGHT AND THE DAY.

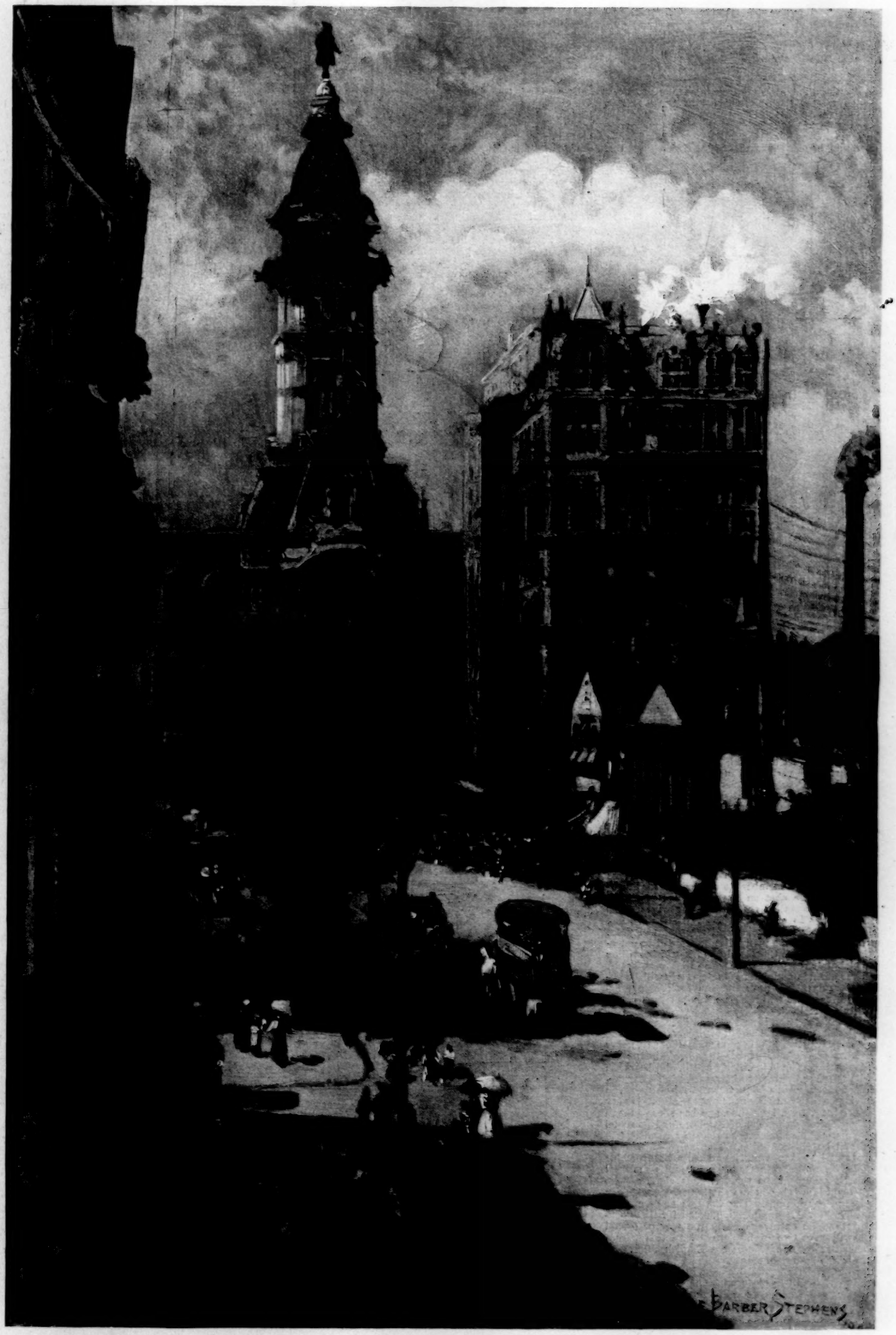
THE forest fires are blazing now—
So beautiful are they and bright!
They tint the mountain's rocky brow
And give a softness to the night.

So oft our doubts in darkness seem
To light the sky with rosy ray,
But waking from the midnight dream
A pall of smoke obscures the day.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.



BICYCLE RENDEZVOUS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—Drawn by E. L. Weeks.—[See Page 945.]



BROAD STREET AND THE PUBLIC BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.—[See Page 945.]

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

A SOUTHERN wit once explained the impecunious condition of his family by the fact that whenever they secured as much money as two dollars and a half, they gave a party. The story is one illustrative of the Southern spirit of hospitality which every visitor to the South expects to find. It will certainly be the prevailing spirit in Atlanta during the Cotton States and International Exposition. Fortunately there is a little more than two dollars and a half in the purses of the prospective entertainers at this time, although it is doubtful whether that much will be left when the fair is over.

Atlanta bears no resemblance to the *ante bellum* South; it is far ahead of the quaintness of those times, and the

MRS. CLARENCE KNOWLES,
Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment.

poverty which came afterward. It has no residences which suggest the nooks and corners described in the dialect stories; for, it will be remembered, a certain Federal general's carelessness with fire laid low the old-fashioned mansions. The city began at once to rise like a phœnix from its ashes, and to-day it testifies more than any other place the progressive, modern life of the new South. The same old spirit of Southern hospitality is here, however, making an atmosphere of sunshine and friendliness in modern houses such as one sees in Northern and Western towns.

Peachtree Street is the fashionable avenue of Atlanta, and so great is its importance that a cook seeking employment considers the fact that she has filled a situation on Peachtree Street the very acme of recommendation. A Peachtree belle, a Peachtree society man or woman, are mentioned in the society columns with the same reverence that the publications of Gotham discuss such commodities from Fifth Avenue. The Capital City Club is on Peachtree, so is the home of its president, Major Livingston Mims, and so are any number of other important residences, where matrons give card parties and teas, and girls make their début at the proper seasons.

The Capital City Club is near enough to the business part of the town for its members to come there for luncheon or to stop for a chat on its piazza as they walk home. It has a beautiful café, where the wives of its members are free to come with their women friends. This café is used for all dinners and receptions of state, and during the exposition many dignitaries will be entertained there. President Cleveland and his cabinet will be given an elaborate reception there. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and Miss Winnie Davis will be entertained there on Grady day; and the foreign commissioners and dignitaries will receive cards to the club, and will be duly entertained.

Major Livingston Mims is an ideal Southern gentleman, tall, rotund, and stately, with a head of silvery hair, and the manners of a cavalier. Southern men, by-the-way, never smack of the professional genial—they are climatic genials. The major, as he is familiarly called, also bears the distinction of being the father of Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Woman's Department. Always a social figure, he is peculiarly in his element at the club. He has been its president for a long time, and has always taken the greatest interest in its financial welfare and its social achievements. The rooms are handsomely furnished in a refined and homelike fashion. The ballroom, with its deep windows draped in white, its arched ceiling of blue garlanded with roses, its low cozy seats, and palms and flowers, is charming. Here the frivolous element who value frills and favors beyond all the honors that age can bestow have their innings. The Cotillon Club, a long-established fashionable organization, noted for its expensive favors and its extravagance in the way of orchid bouquets, will give two of its dances here this season. Mr. Thomas B. Payne and Mr. James English, Jun., may be said to be the leaders of this club.

The Piedmont Driving Club House in the exposition grounds is a jolly little place, and one that will be a source of much pleasure and comfort during the fair. It is a quaint stone structure, with ivy-covered chimneys, and a broad, open stone portico, shaded by splendid trees. From the piazza one has a fine view of the buildings. There are other studies that the artist or sentimental bachelor can make from this vantage-ground, for every afternoon the belles of the city drive out with their best beaux and stop for a lemonade or something stronger. If Gibson had not already obtained his ideal Southern girl, this would be the place for him to find her. When an occasional snow makes sleighing possible in the winter season, you will find a jolly crowd gathered in the club hallway, sipping pleasant concoctions and telling stories around the big open fire. The club is open to the wives of members and their friends. The place is altogether pleasant and charming, and will prove a godsend to those exposition visitors who are fortunate enough to have cards thereto. Its president is Mr. James R. McKeldin, a genuine good fellow, and a popular bachelor.

Brookwood, the country residence of Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Woman's Department, is the private home of most importance just now. Mrs. Thompson has in her social life heretofore been noted for the brilliancy and distinction of her entertainments, and during the fair she will surpass all her former achievements. Brookwood is a perfect country home, surrounded by beautiful grounds. These are cared for by two English gardeners, and the place in its fresh trimness suggests an English home. It is only a half-mile beyond the exposition grounds. The house is not large and imposing on the exterior, but its beautiful interior bespeaks in every detail the culture and grace of its mistress.

Mrs. Thompson will of course be the very centre of exposition social life; the place would belong to her without her office.

The interior of Brookwood is finished with Georgia curled pine; and the great dining-room, with its walls patterned in gray-green poppies and its deep seats upholstered in gray, has a sense of quiet and harmonious distinction. In this room, which has been the scene of many an elaborate dinner and jolly Christmas frolic, Mrs. Thompson will give an entertainment in honor of Mrs. Potter-Palmer and the Georgetown alumnæ. It is an interesting fact that the two women presidents were both Georgetown girls, and of course Mrs. Thompson will make the gathering of the alumnæ an especial occasion.

Mrs. Lochrane-Austell, a beautiful woman, and the daughter of the late Judge Lochrane, who was one of the most gifted jurists the South ever produced, is the chairman of the committee on arrangements for entertaining the Georgetown Alumnæ, and the gathering will be a very distinguished one, including as it will such women as Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Russell Harrison, and Mrs. Fred Grant.

The gathering of the Daughters of the Revolution will be the occasion of many elaborate entertainments, for it will bring to Atlanta men and women prominent in the social world throughout the country. Mrs. Governor Morton, of New York, will be an honored guest on this occasion.

A grand costume ball is to be given in honor of the society on the evening of October 18th, when all the guests will appear in quaint ancestral costumes and jewels. On the evening following a historical play will be given under the auspices of the visiting chapters in compliment to the president and board of managers of the Woman's Department. The cast is to be filled by young men and women who are descendants of Revolutionary ancestors.

Mrs. Raoul, wife of the president of the Mexican National Railway, will entertain Mrs. Diaz, wife of the President of Mexico, with a reception, at which the Mexican colors will be used, and a fine Mexican band will furnish the music. The interior of Mrs. Raoul's home is Moorish in its furnishings and decorations, and the affair is expected to be unique and artistic.

There are a great many handsome houses on Peachtree. Among those which visitors will notice most is the home of Judge and Mrs. Henry B. Tompkins, a new house planned exactly after the old Georgia colonial houses, and very closely resembling the home of General Robert Toombs, the uncle of Mrs. Tompkins, and the well-known Southern orator and politician. President and Mrs. Colyear will do a great deal of entertaining. Mrs. Clarence Knowles is chairman of the Committee on Entertainments of the Woman's Department, and her house will be open

MAJOR LIVINGSTON MIMS,
President of the Capital City Club.

to many distinguished guests. Mr. and Mrs. Knowles are at all times important people in the social life of Atlanta, and they draw about them the cleverest and most compensating folks in society. They keep open house, entertaining with a rare ease. The drawing-room in the Knowles home is exquisite, being an exact reproduction of the salon of Marie Antoinette at Petite Trianon.

Governor Bullock is a prominent figure in Atlanta society, and a rare host. The State had never known such lavish hospitality as was his while he was Governor of Georgia, and his private entertainments are magnificent. Major-General Miles is to be his guest, and he will also entertain a number of other notable army officers.

Among the other people who will open their houses in a brilliant fashion on various occasions are Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tyler, and Captain and Mrs. Henry Jackson.

Mrs. Albert Thornton is a sister-in-law of Mr. James Swann, one of the New York commissioners, and she will give a number of dinners in honor of notable New-Yorkers.

The arrangements to entertain in a simple fashion the various clubs and congresses that are to visit the exposition required much time and thought. It was finally decided upon for the Board of Women Managers to give a series of "at homes," cards to which are to be sent to the women visitors connected with the Woman's Department. The handsome suite of offices in the Woman's Building, consisting of the assembly hall, the president's room, the press-room and library, will be thrown open also for afternoon teas now and then. Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon has charge of the women's congresses.

These are a few of the plans for the pleasure of visitors. The latch-string of every door in Atlanta is on the outside, and everybody seems to be delighted at the idea of having a house filled with guests. After the fair is over, society probably will, in mere exuberance of spirit over the fun it has had, gather together and relate its experiences over a pound party given with the remaining two dollars and a half.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

NATURE'S ART.

Some Autumn Verses.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

SEPTEMBER PICTURES.

THE golden-rod is blowing on the hill;
The thistledown about the field is shifting;
The banks of haze are lying calm and still;
The crow above the woodland's idly drifting.

I hear the murmur of the waterfall
Float through the air in music sweet and mellow;
I hear the lively cricket's rasping call
In the stone wall that winds through bowers yellow.

The squirrel cocks his head in mute surprise,
Upon the mossy rail a moment sitting,
And 'neath the pleasant smile of peaceful skies
A butterfly is through the orchard flitting.

While the plump apple's hanging red and ripe,
And the still west is glowing like an ember,
I hear the quail amid the stubble pipe
In silvery notes the glories of September.

OCTOBER COLORS.

THE sun-rays on the red leaves shine;
The cool crisp air is sweet as wine.

Lush chestnuts on the mosses fall;
The squirrel chatters on the wall.

The sumach at the way-side burns;
The cricket fifes among the ferns.

Within the orchard, rosy ripe,
The wary quail begins to pipe.

Now twilight calm, in folds of pearl,
Doth softly in the air unfurl.

And in the liquid distance far
Trembles in ecstasy a star.

While the moon pours its liquid mist
On leaflet pink and amethyst.

All nature, rich with colors bright,
Dreams in a true Arabian Night.

AN ART QUERY.

AN unseen spirit broiders on the leaf
Quaint arabesques in dainty lines and brief.
Is this the airy fairy sprite—who knows—
That carves in crimson beauty May-time's rose?

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

VII.—A DISCUSSION AS TO LADIES' DAY.

"I MET Queen Elizabeth just now on the Row," said Raleigh, as he entered the house-boat and checked his cloak.

"Indeed?" said Confucius. "What if you did? Other people have met Queen Elizabeth. There's nothing original about that."

"True; but she made a suggestion to me about this house-boat which I think is a good one. She says the women are all crazy to see the inside of it," said Raleigh.

"Thus proving that immortal woman is no different from mortal woman," retorted Confucius. "They want to see the inside of everything. Curiosity, thy name is woman."

"Well, I am sure I don't see why men should arrogate to themselves the sole right to an investigating turn of mind," said Raleigh, impatiently. "Why shouldn't the ladies want to see the inside of this club-house? It is a compliment to us that they should, and I for one am in favor of letting them, and I am going to propose that in the Ides of March we give a ladies' day here."

"Then I shall go South for my health in the Ides of March," said Confucius, angrily. "What on earth is a club for if it isn't to enable men to get away from their wives once in a while? When do people go to clubs? When they are on their way home—that's when; and the

SIR WALTER RALEIGH MEETING QUEEN ELIZABETH.

more a man's at home in his club, the less he's at home when he's at home. I suppose you'll be suggesting a children's day next, and after that a parrot's or a canary-bird's day."

"I had no idea you were such a woman-hater," said Raleigh, in astonishment. "What's the matter? Were you ever disappointed in love?"

"I? How absurd!" retorted Confucius, reddening. "The idea of *my* ever being disappointed in love! I never met the woman who could bring me to my knees, although I was married in the other world. What became of Mrs. C. I never inquired. She may be in China yet, for aught I know. I regard death as a divorce."

"Your wife must be glad of it," said Raleigh, somewhat ungallantly; for, to tell the truth, he was somewhat nettled by Confucius's demeanor. "I didn't know, however, but that since you escaped from China and came here to Hades you might have fallen in love with some spirit of an age subsequent to your own—Mary Queen of Scots, or Joan of Arc, or some other spook—who rejected you. I can't account for your dislike of women otherwise."

"Not I," said Confucius. "Hades would have a less classic name than it has for me if I were hampered with a family. But go along and have your ladies' day here, and never mind my reasons for preferring my own society to that of the fair sex. I can at least stay at home that day. What do you propose to do—throw open the house to the wives of members, or to all ladies, irrespective of their husbands' membership here?"

"I think the latter plan would be the better," said Raleigh. "Otherwise Queen Elizabeth, to whom I am indebted for the suggestion, would be excluded. She never married, you know."

"Didn't she?" said Confucius. "No, I didn't know it; but that doesn't prove anything. When I went to school we didn't study the history of the Elizabethan period. She didn't have absolute sway over England, then?"

"She had; but what of that?" queried Raleigh.

"Do you mean to say that she lived and died an old maid from choice?" demanded Confucius.

"Certainly I do," said Raleigh. "And why should I not tell you that?"

"For a very good and sufficient reason," retorted Confucius, "which is, in brief, that I am not a marine. I may dislike women, my dear Raleigh, but I know them better than you do, gallant as you are; and when you tell me in one and the same moment that a woman holding absolute sway over men yet lived and died an old maid, you must not be indignant if I smile and bite the end of my thumb, which is the Chinese way of saying that's all in your eye, Betty Martin."

"Believe it or not, you poor old back number," retorted Raleigh, hotly. "It alters nothing. Queen Elizabeth could have married a hundred times over if she had wished. I know I lost my head there completely."

"That shows, Sir Walter," said Dryden, with a grin, "how wrong you are. You lost your head to King James. Hi, Shakespeare, here's a man doesn't know who chopped his head off."

Raleigh's face flushed scarlet. "'Tis better to have had a head and lost it," he cried, "than never to have had a head at all. Mark you, Dryden, my boy, it ill befits you to scoff at me for my misfortune, for dust thou art, and to dust thou hast returned, if word from t'other side about thy books and that which in and on them lies be true."

"Whate'er be said about my books," said Dryden, angrily, "be they read or be they not, 'tis mine they are, and none there be who dare dispute their authorship."

"Thus proving that men, thank Heaven, are still sane," ejaculated Dr. Johnson. "To assume the authorship of Dryden would be not so much a claim, my friend, as a confession."

"Shades of the mighty Chow!" cried Confucius. "An' will ye hear the poets squabble! Egad! A ladies' day could hardly introduce into our midst a more diverting disputation."

"We're all getting a little high-flown in our phraseology," put in at this point Shakespeare. "Let's quit talking in blank-verse and come down to busines. *I* think a ladies' day would be great sport. I'll write a poem to read on the occasion."

"Then I oppose it with all my heart," said Dr. Johnson. "Why do you always want to make our entertainments commonplace? Leave occasional poems to mortals. I never knew an occasional poem yet that was worthy of an immortal."

"That's precisely why I want to write one occasional poem. I'd make it worthy," Shakespeare answered. "Like this, for instance:

Most fair, most sweet, most beauteous of ladies,
The greatest charm in all ye realm of Hades.

Why, my dear Doctor, an opportunity for rhyming Hades with ladies should not be lost."

"That just proves what I said," said Johnson. "Any idiot can make ladies rhyme with Hades. It requires absolute genius to avoid the temptation. You are great enough to make Hades rhyme with bicycle if you choose to do it—but no, you succumb to the temptation to be commonplace. Bah! One of these modern drawing-room poets with three sections to his name couldn't do worse."

"On general principles," said Raleigh, "Johnson is right. We invite these people here to see our club-house, not to give them an exhibition of our metrical powers, and I think all exercises of a formal nature should be frowned upon."

"Very well," said Shakespeare. "Go ahead. Have your own way about it. Get out your brow and frown. I'm perfectly willing to save myself the trouble of writing a poem. Writing real poetry isn't easy, as you fellows would have discovered for yourselves if you'd ever tried it."

"To pass over the arrogant assumptions of the gentleman who has just spoken, with the silence due to a proper expression of our contempt therefor," said Dryden, slowly, "I think in case we do have a ladies' day here we should exercise a most careful supervision over the invitation list. For instance, wouldn't it be awkward for our good friend Henry the Eighth to encounter the various Mrs. Henrys here? Would it not likewise be awkward for them to meet each other?"

"Your point is well taken," said Doctor Johnson. "I don't know whether the King's matrimonial ventures are on speaking terms with each other or not, but under any circumstances it would hardly be a pleasing spectacle for Katharine of Arragon to see Henry running his legs off getting cream and cakes for Anne Boleyn; nor would Anne like it much if, on the other hand, Henry chose to behave like a gentleman and a husband to Jane Seymour or Katharine Parr. I think, if the members themselves are to send out the invitations, each member should be limited to two cards, with the express understanding that no member shall be permitted to invite more than one wife."

"That's going to be awkward," said Raleigh, scratching his head thoughtfully. "Henry is such a hot-headed fellow that he might resent the stipulation."

"I think he would," said Confucius. "I think he'd be mad as a hatter at your insinuation that he would invite any of his wives, if all I hear of him is true; and what I've heard, Wolsey has told me."

"He knew a thing or two about Henry," said Shakespeare. "If you don't believe it, just read that play of mine that Beaumont and Fletcher—er—ah—thought so much of."

"You came near giving your secret away that time, William," said Johnson, with a sly smile, and giving the Avonian a dig between the ribs.

"Secret! I haven't any secret," said Shakespeare, a little acridly. "It's the truth I'm telling you. Beaumont and Fletcher *did* admire *Henry the Eighth*."

"Thereby showing their conceit, eh?" said Johnson.

"Oh, of course, I didn't write anything, did I?" cried Shakespeare. "Everybody wrote my plays but me. I'm the only person that had no hand in Shakespeare. It seems to me that joke is about worn out, Doctor. I'm getting a little tired of it myself; but if it amuses you, why, keep it up. *I* know who wrote my plays, and whatever you may say cannot affect the facts. Next thing you fellows will be saying that I didn't write my own autographs."

"I didn't say that," said Johnson, quietly. "Only there is no internal evidence in your autographs that you knew how to spell your name if you did. A man who signs his name Shixpur one day and Shikespeare the next, needn't complain if the Bank of Posterity refuses to honor his check."

"They'd honor my check quick enough these days," retorted Shakespeare. "When a man's autograph brings five thousand dollars, or one thousand pounds, in the auction-room, there isn't a bank in the world fool enough to decline to honor any check he'll sign under a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds."

"I fancy you're right," put in Raleigh. "But your checks or your plays have nothing to do with ladies' day. Let's get to some conclusion in this matter."

"Yes," said Confucius. "Let's. Ladies' day is becoming a dreadful bore, and if we don't hurry up, the billiard-room will be full."

"Well, I move we get up a petition to the Council to have it," said Dryden.

"I agree," said Confucius, "and I'll sign it. If there's one way to avoid having ladies' day in the future, it's to have one now and be done with it."

"All right," said Shakespeare. "I'll sign too."

"As—er—Shixpur or Shikespeare?" queried Johnson.

"Let him alone," said Raleigh. "He's getting sensitive about that; and what you need to learn more than anything else is that it isn't manners to twit a man on facts. What's bothering you, Dryden? You look like a man with an idea."

"It has just occurred to me," said Dryden, "that while we can safely leave the question of Henry the Eighth and his wives to the wisdom of the Council, we ought to pay some attention to the advisability of inviting Lucretia Borgia. I'd hate to eat any supper if she came within a mile of the banqueting-hall. If she comes you'll have to appoint a Tasting Committee before I'll touch a drop of punch or eat a speck of salad."

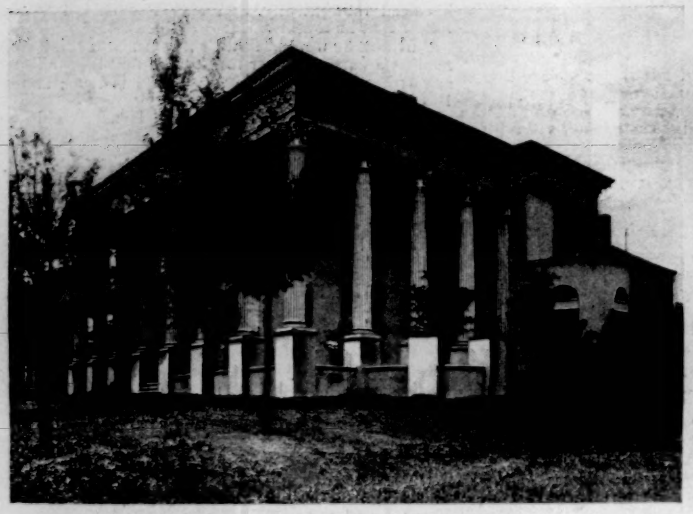
"We might recommend the appointment of Raleigh to look after the fair Lucretia and see that she has no potson with her, or if she has, to keep her from dropping it into the salads," said Confucius, with a sidelong glance at Raleigh. "He's the especial champion of woman in this club, and no doubt would be proud of the distinction."

"I would with most women," said Raleigh. "But I draw the line at Lucretia Borgia."

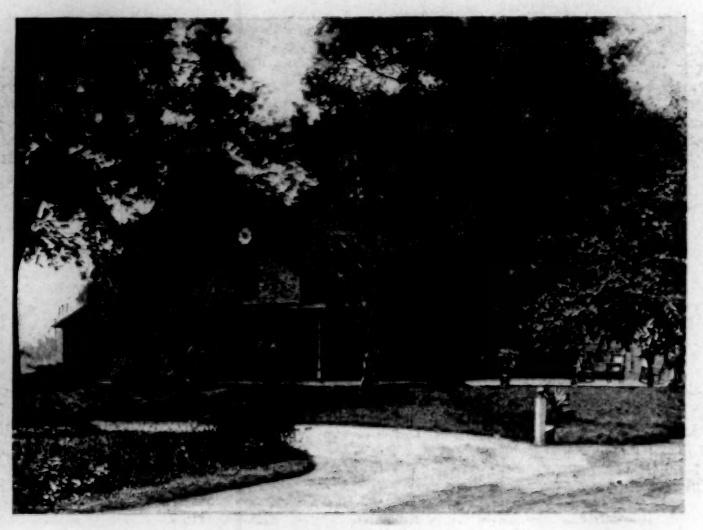
And so a petition was drawn up, signed, and sent to the Council, and they, after mature deliberation, decided to have the ladies' day, to which all the ladies in Hades, excepting Lucretia Borgia and Delilah, were to be duly invited, only the date was not specified. Delilah was excluded at the request of Samson, whose convincing muscles, rather than his arguments, completely won over all opposition to his proposition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

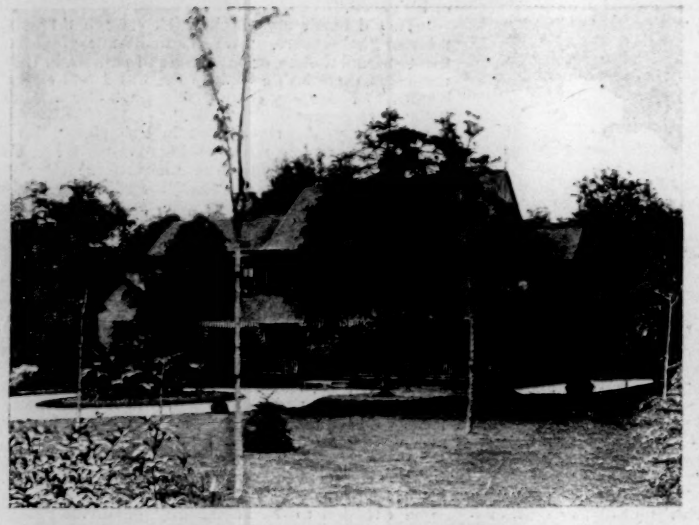
LUCRETIA BORGIA AND DELILAH WERE NOT INVITED.



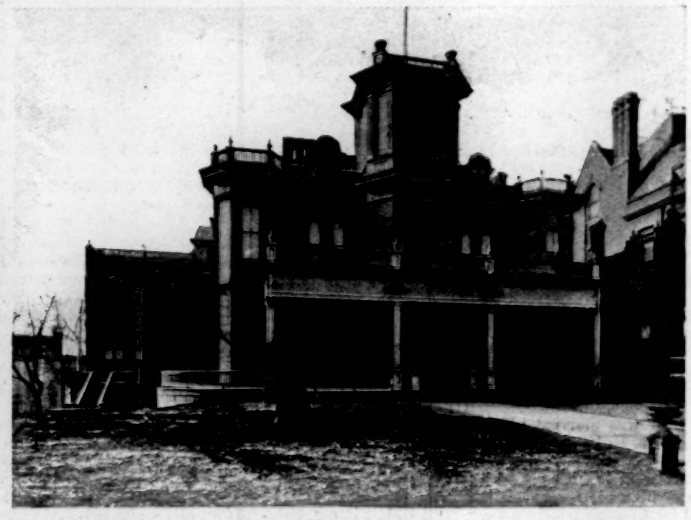
HOME OF JUDGE HENRY B. TOMPKINS.



PIEDMONT DRIVING-CLUB HOUSE.



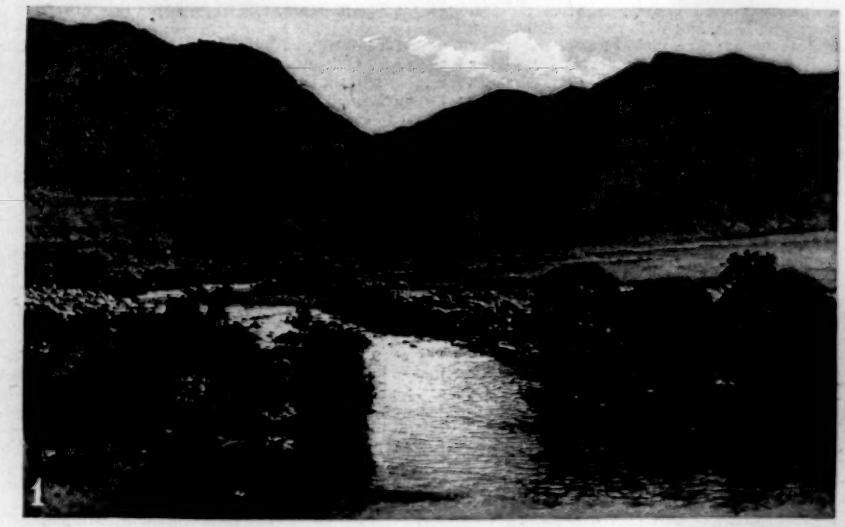
BROOKWOOD—MRS. THOMPSON'S COUNTRY PLACE.

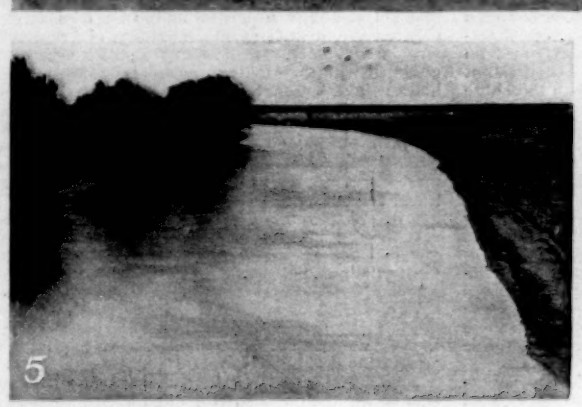


CAPITAL CITY CLUB HOUSE.

BALLROOM IN CAPITAL CITY CLUB HOUSE.—Drawn by A. J. Keller.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—[See Page 948.]





IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 952.]

1. Kern River, near its Head. 2. An Oasis in the Desert, Indio, California. 3. Artesian Well flowing 2,500,000 Gallons a Day. These Wells vary in Depth from 150 to 1500 Feet. 4. Stacking Alfafa. 5. The Calloway Canal. 6. Irrigating young Orchard.

IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

SOME years before the building of the Southern Pacific Railway I was one of an exploring party that struggled across the burning deserts of southern California, from the Colorado River to the Sierras. Never can I forget the sufferings of that journey, the agony of three days and nights without water, the intolerable glare of shining sands that slipped from beneath our feet or were driven hither and thither in stifling clouds by blasts of furnace-tempered wind, the quivering heat-waves, the lying mirages that tormented us with the visions of Tantalus, the awful silence, and the ever-present evidences of death abounding on all sides. Horses and mules perished, wagon after wagon was abandoned, and men wellnigh lost their reason as they plodded mechanically on through that Gehenna of sand, sunk far below sea-level, rainless, treeless, and verdureless, save for sparse bunches of sickly sage or thorny cactus. In the distance gleamed peaks of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino mountains. Between them lay the San Gorgonio Pass, the goal of our fierce desires and fainting hopes—a place of which we had been told as one of rustling palms and living springs.

From that day the experiences of those weeks on the Colorado desert have been as a nightmare, and when recently compelled to traverse the same desert for a second time, though I might now be whirled over its sands in a parlor-car, I still looked forward to the trip with dread.

As the train crossed the summit of the pass and rolled swiftly down its eastern slope, a heated blast of kiln-dried air, sweeping up from the desert, gave warning that the latter still existed in all its untamed savagery, and that beyond the narrow thread of steel that spanned it suffering and death still lurked in its pitiless sands. The air of the car became stifling, and the heat almost intolerable. In spite of closed doors, windows, and ventilators, dust filtered in, until one end of the interior was barely visible from the other. When, after weary miles of this experience, the limit of endurance was nearly reached, the train suddenly dashed into a place of dense shadows, and came to a halt.

We had reached Indio, as veritable an oasis as exists in any desert of the world, the home of waving palms and double rows of tall foliage trees, beneath which the tracks ran as through a green tunnel, a place of vines and flowering shrubs, of singing birds and whispering winds—above all, a place of plashing waters and delicious coolness. A broad-verandaed inn offered hospitable doors, and a dimly lighted interior that seemed almost dark after the recent glare of the desert. On the dining-table were fruits and vegetables from an adjacent garden. After dinner the refreshed travellers still had time to examine the great artesian well, that, from a depth of 600 feet, pours forth 3600 gallons of water per hour, lifts it twelve feet above the surface, and has by its magic created this spot of charming verdure amid those savage wastes of sand. Not far from the well stands a group of superb fan-palms, one of which, only eleven years old, measures twelve and a half feet about its trunk at a point two feet above the ground. Half a mile away is a fine vineyard, irrigated by means of a windmill that lifts into tanks the surface water, found throughout this region at an average depth of twenty feet. Alfalfa, the great forage crop of the coast, grows here with a rank luxuriance wherever water can reach it, while all fruits and vegetables can be ripened at least one month earlier than on the western slope of the mountains.

While Indio thus presents a striking example of what may be accomplished through artesian irrigation of the prolific desert sands, another phase of water magic, and on a far grander scale, may be studied on the same Californian journey at the southern end of the great San Joaquin Valley, in and about the flourishing city of Bakersfield. The explorers of thirty years ago found this section of country, the "Kern Delta," as it is called, almost as desertlike as that bordering the Colorado. Its midsummer aspect was that of a vast plain parched and glimmering with heat, its scant vegetation burned to a crisp, and its wastes of sand and sage all the more dreary by comparison with the recently traversed oak groves of Tehichipa. Through it, to be sure, flowed the Kern River, clear, cool, and inexhaustible, with its source in the everlasting snows of Mount Whitney; but, beyond a narrow fringe of verdure, its influence was unfelt.

By an intelligent system of conservation and distribution, this same river to-day is made to irrigate and give redundant life to over 400,000 acres of adjacent lands, and so to transform the seeming desert into one of the most fertile and prosperous sections of the State. This greatest irrigating proposition of the country has been accomplished by the digging of 27 main canals, having an aggregate length of 300 miles, and 1100 miles of large laterals, the whole system having been constructed at a cost of four millions of dollars.

The largest and most important of all these canals is the Calloway, which is by itself a river 120 feet wide and six feet deep. Through 65 large distributaries and a network of smaller ditches, the water of this one canal is spread over 200,000 acres of thirsty land. It is not only the largest but is also the oldest canal of the system, and with its shining reaches, sweeping curves, the tumbling falls at its many diversion weirs, its cool stretches of densely wooded banks, its bordering miles of rich pasture-lands tenanted by thousands of sleek cattle, and its countless orchards and vineyards, all in vigorous fruitage, it presents a marvellous and fascinating object-lesson in the possibilities and results of irrigation.

The Kern River drains over 3000 square miles of mountain water-shed, from which it is bountifully supplied the year round. Throughout the section of country to which its ever-flowing waters are diverted drought is eliminated from the farmer's calculations. He may count with certainty upon water enough to raise his crops and cloudless skies beneath which to harvest them. On his irrigated and once desert lands he may cut five crops of alfalfa in a single season, with a total yield of from eight to twelve tons per acre, and selling readily for $5 per ton in the stack. These stacks are in themselves wonderful sights to an Eastern farmer, containing as they do from 400 to 600 tons of hay each, and built up by means of great derrick pitchforks operated by horse-power.

Although some 60,000 acres of irrigated lands are given over to alfalfa, and other immense areas are sown in wheat, which is harvested by huge reaper-and-thrasher combination machines drawn by thirty or more horses, the leading industry of the entire section is horticulture. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, raisin grapes, and figs flourish incredibly in its warm, light, and well-watered soil. The first-named produce an average yield of 1000 boxes per acre. These sell readily in Eastern markets for $1 per box, on which the freight charge is 55 cents. Prunes average 800 pounds to the five-year-old tree, and these are worth from 12 to 20 cents per pound in the orchard. Already the raisins of this locality are favorably known and consumed throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and with the increased transportation facilities recently promised to this favored section, its future prosperity is assured.

A record of these things, and of the flourishing communities of pleasant homes that are springing up all over this vast irrigated area, might be continued indefinitely; but it is enough that they are there to show for themselves what has been accomplished, and to testify as to the limitless possibilities of a wilderness that is being made glad by the magic of ever-flowing waters.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

VI.—THE BEST COOK IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE restaurants that made New Orleans famous in the recent days when the French quarter furnished all the delights of the Crescent City are nearly all gone now. The ornate and brilliant American restaurants that have taken their places are not so good as the simple dining-rooms with sanded floors where Parisian *gourmets* were satisfied by creole cooks. Still, there is one foreign restaurant in the city, and both natives and tourists declare it by long odds the best in the entire region that lies to the south of a line drawn from Richmond to Cincinnati. It is always spoken of as French or creole, but it is really polyglot, because the man of the place is French, the woman is German, and the cooking is creole and Spanish and French and German and American—whatever you call for, in fact. The woman is the cook, and is there declared to be the best woman cook on the continent, because the only woman who disputes the claim is Sarah Jones, of Washington, crowned by Roscoe Conkling and President Arthur, and she is supreme only in the cooking of canvas-back ducks and terrapin. In the best restaurant in the South the cook is an artist—some would say a magician: an artist because she conceives novel and delicious dishes; a magician because her customers want two servings of everything she cooks.

To see the "best restaurant," where she presides, is to cause the fond diner to declare to himself that Thackeray's old haunt, where he worshipped the *bouillabaisse*, must have been plain and a trifle rude, if not untidy. Why is it, he wonders, that the temples of good eating are so often plain and bare, and even somewhat slovenly? Is it not because if the food is royal its lovers ask nothing else than it where they go to seek it? And may it not be that if a really great cook owns a restaurant, he (or she) will have no time or care for aught save the work over the range? Cooks, we know, are typically careless of their appearance—red-faced, bare-armed, untidy. Those that we see in bake-shop windows, in starched caps and aprons, are mere pictures—pictures of things that do not exist. They are the artificial production of capital. No devotee of good living would ever turn into a shop that showed a spick-and-span spotless cook in its window.

To enter the domain of the wonderful woman cook of New Orleans you take a cab to the neighborhood of the French market, where the streets are so rough that you seem to be riding along the rocky abandoned bed of a mountain stream. You enter the rear of an ancient corner house and ascend the back stairs, to find yourself on what was an ordinary balcony ("gallery" they call it there). This balcony has been connected with the house behind it. The balcony is the restaurant, and the house is the kitchen. Nothing seems changed about it since its balcony days. The brick walls of the two houses are its side walls, and its end walls are the green blinds that all Southern balconies have. Yet madame the cook says, "It cost us fife hundert tollars to feex it up." As for what is in the best restaurant, its appointments are a long extension table, twenty chairs, two colored French prints in frames, and sand on the bare floor. The table-ware is plain white china relieved by a sugar-pot and cream-pitcher of cumbrous pressed glass. The table-cloth is as coarse as can be. Yet everything is clean, and the whole effect is homelike. The only meal regularly served there is an eleven-o'clock breakfast. Whoever would dine there must order his dinner beforehand.

Madame the cook and proprietress is a tall, stout, corsetless, matronly woman in a brown calico dress and a faded blue apron. She has the brow of a leader, high and square, with clear deep eyes beneath it, and every other feature good except her chin. That is double, as it should be—the chin of a *gourmet*. As one is seated at her long table she continues to come out of the kitchen door and to shower the crawfish or the croakers, done in crumbs, or the tomatoes *à la créole*, down upon the table. And of each dish she asks, "Ain't dey nice—hey?"

As she takes up a huge loaf like a club-gourd, one asks her why it is that the French say that women never make good cooks. Is it because they do not love good things to eat?

"Vell," she says, "I lofe not mooch eading, but den I mooch lofe goot eading. Anyhow, so long vot I see beople are bleased mit vot I do, vhy den I am bleased myself." Having made herself clear, madame presses the great loaf against her breast and slashes it with a broad knife as if she was engaging in murder.

Her husband resembles a Spanish priest. He is a trifle Napoleonic of face—half Spanish and half Italian. He has superabundant good-nature, and a never-waning desire to be of service and to be generous in hospitality. He talks a great deal through such a smile and such a modest respectful manner that one rather likes him to keep on. To see him make an *après café* is to see art in one of its highest forms. To have him make it for you is to be greatly honored. For fifteen minutes he toils over the blue flame of the alcohol in the brandy, mixing the delicate additions with everlasting patience and exquisite niceness. He takes a saucer two-thirds full of brandy (for two persons), puts in two lumps of sugar, sets fire to it, and stirs it. Then he adds two thumb-nails of lemon peel, and stirs more. Then he pours in a little *café noir*, stirs; a little more *café noir*, stirs; a little more *café noir*, and still he stirs. As the coffee goes in, the flame tries to die out. Only quick incessant work will keep it burning. At last it does go out, and monsieur ladles the hot brown liqueur into two tiny coffee-cups. He sees you about to empty yours into your *demi-tasse* of coffee.

"Hey! *Non!*" he cries. "Trink it after. *Mon Dieu!* not in your coffee, but after."

When you taste it by itself you are glad you did not lose it by mixing it with anything.

Madame makes specialties of the cooking of escargots, each with the mouth of its shell full of a bouquet of fine tastes; also of the fish of the Gulf, in *court-bouillon* and *bouillabaisse*, of which she says, "It is more facile to make the *court-bouillon*, but you must take more care." Another especial dish of hers is creole tomatoes. These are cut in half, and broiled with oil, pepper and salt, and parsley cut very fine, with a touch of garlic also if you like. But not even she could name or describe all the dishes she makes in the course of a year, this kind for these customers, and other kinds for others. The only way to measure her quality as a cook is to go to her often, and, if you are of the male persuasion, buy a good cigar at the end of each repast, for her "pin-money" is the profit upon her cigars. She had stood over her hot French range for nearly thirty years, when, last year or the year before, her pin-money enabled her to go to her old home in Europe and rest, and dazzle her people with accounts of her success—the "success" of a working-woman tied for half a lifetime to her kitchen, and getting her happiness in the praises of her customers, or, better yet, in seeing the evident enjoyment with which they made away with her culinary triumphs.

As for monsieur, her ornamental husband, one would fancy that his pin-money (in all probability all the profits of her toil are his) lay in the profits on the wines. One would judge so because of the manner in which he serves them. After he has held in his hand the bottle that has been ordered, and has told of its cost and its origin—handling it tenderly, and exhibiting it as if it were a queen's crown or the baby of a duchess—he pulls its cork with a theatrical pop, and does it up daintily in a napkin. Then he pours the wine into the glasses as if it were fluid gold. He tilts the bottle just enough to allow the wine to flow very, very slowly, and when the glass is precisely full he raises the angle of the bottle and catches the drop at its lip upon the edge of the glass, as if to lose it would ruin him. I have never seen gold handled so carefully at a mint.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN Englishman, Mr. J. Y. W. Macalister, thinks he has discovered the "Yankee twang" in Cornwall, and wrote recently to the London *Times* setting forth his discovery, and suggesting that the Yankees did not invent their own twang, but inherited it from forebears who carried it out with them when they went to America. His letter brought out an interesting budget of other letters, some of them supporting his hypothesis, and others controverting it. Of these latter correspondents, one has noticed the same twang in Devonshire that Mr. Macalister remarks in Cornwall, and has been impressed with the same idea that it was the original "Yankee twang." He also points out that a Devonshire man who knows his own dialects is able to read and understand the writings of Artemus Ward without difficulty, "while many English people, unacquainted with these dialects, cannot make head or tail of his writings." Another correspondent has noticed the Cornish twang, but insists that it is a modern development, and believes that it was brought back from America by Cornish miners who have lived there. Another letter-writer understands that the Yankee twang is noticed in all the States except Virginia, and argues that if it had come from England Virginia would certainly have had it. Still another correspondent writes briefly to suggest that "Yankee twang" is a misnomer, and that the "so-called nasal inflection" which has been noticed in Cornwall is common among the rural population of all England, except in the London area and in Northumbria. "Was it not still more universal," he inquires, "among the people in the days of the trek to New England; and is the 'Yankee twang,' therefore, anything more than 'quite English' of the old sort?"

No doubt the Yankees will cheerfully share the responsibility for their twang with any aspirant who cares to file his claim. The present writer has shared the familiar notion that the chief inventor of the Yankee twang was the Yankee climate. A statement that argues against that idea was made to him last year by an acquaintance whose summer home is at Castine, in Maine, and who asserted that in that part of Maine the twang existed without, or with very little of, the nasal inflection, and was a peculiarity of speech in people whose voices were clear and agreeable.

One of the Harvard committees, which interests itself in the literary style of the undergraduates, published in the last *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* some awful examples of English as she is wrote by students under examination as to their ability to translate Latin. The *Evening Post* made the passages quoted the text of a discourse on "College English." A correspondent, Mr. J. G. Crosswell, writes to the *Post* to say that in his opinion the trouble with the students who made such bad work of doing Latin into English was probably not so much that they couldn't write English as that they couldn't translate the Latin. Mr. Crosswell's opinion seems to have a good deal of basis. One of the most necessary conditions precedent to writing clearly is to have a reasonably lucid notion of what you want to say. But if a lad is set to write out the translation of a Latin passage the meaning of which he can't make out, he doesn't want to write lucid English, because to do that would betray his inability to understand the Latin. What he naturally does is to write a sort of jargon, in the obscurities of which he hopes to conceal his disabilities as a Latinist. The result is not satis-

factory, for it lays him open to the imputation of knowing neither Latin nor English, whereas it is possible that he can write English when he knows what he wants to say.

Report comes from the State of Washington of a curious conflict between religion and agriculture. Washington farmers have of late years taken to raising hops, and have had very good success with them; but hops are used in making beer (among other things), and it appears that among many of the religious organizations of the State the disapproval of beer is so thorough that hop-growers have been excluded from church membership because of their indirect complicity with the liquor traffic. The strength of the feeling appears in the story that thanksgivings were offered at a Methodist conference at Seattle over the report that the hop crop was being greatly injured by lice.

Hops are very low, owing to over-supply, and the hop-growers of central New York, whose business has been almost ruined by Western competition, will earnestly hope, and perhaps pray, that the consciences of the Washington farmers may be quickened and the error of their ways made plain to them.

There is some ground for believing that when the Earl of Dunraven departs from our shores he will leave a new word behind him for our use. To dunraven, it seems, is to refuse to play without showing adequate grounds for withdrawing. A dunraven, accordingly, is a refusal to play for reasons not considered satisfactory. The new word is three syllables long, which is against it. But persons who use it hold that it conveys with lucidity and despatch an idea which could not otherwise be imparted without considerable circumlocution. It is proper to add that the word is admitted to be an Americanism.

A considerable share of legitimate public interest attaches to the betrothal of the daughter of William K. Vanderbilt to the young Duke of Marlborough. We all know the house of Marlborough, and we all know the house of Vanderbilt, and in the light of our familiarity with both, this projected alliance becomes a matter worthy of meditative consideration. The Churchills have thriven so uncommonly on American marriages that it is not surprising that the habit should seem to be growing hereditary, or perhaps epidemic, in that family. They have an interesting and variegated history behind them, and, what is more to their advantage, they have a current and contemporaneous reputation for the possession of brains. They are not the most respectable of English families, but they are one of the cleverest and the most strenuous, and it may be mentioned to their credit that where they have married American women they have seemed to use them well.

It may also be said that, from a worldly point of view, the Vanderbilts are at least as noted and powerful a family as the Churchills. With their enormous wealth and their personal force and intelligence they are a very great power in a very great country. They are a representative family, because they are felt to be sincerely American. Much is expected of them, and they have contrived to meet expectations fairly well. They have never been in politics, but they have been and are, in a different way, in public life. In commerce and in society they occupy much too great and sure a place to gain any considerable distinction from any matrimonial alliance whatever.

It would seem, then, that a marriage between a daughter of William K. Vanderbilt and the present head man of the Churchills is such an alliance as experienced match-makers call "suitable." The young duke is not so poor but that he could get along pretty comfortably without Miss Vanderbilt's fortune, and Mr. Vanderbilt's daughter is not so hard up for "rank" as to be tempted to sacrifice her personal preferences for any satisfaction that she is likely to find in being a duchess. Under such circumstances there is a fair presumption that these young people are going to marry because they are pleased with one another's personal qualities, which is the only reason that justifies folks in getting married at all, or encourages the expectation that they will find satisfaction in their married state.

A correspondent of the WEEKLY sends from Madison, Wisconsin, an interesting story, the plot of which turns on an article on Birmingham, England, contributed in 1890 by Mr. Julian Ralph to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. In describing Birmingham as "the best-governed city in the world," Mr. Ralph told about the Messrs. Richard and George Tangye, the engineers and iron manufacturers, who had given very liberally to Birmingham's Art Gallery and Museum, and to establish its art school. The name caught the eye of a lady in Madison who some years before had adopted a little orphan girl, the daughter of English parents of the same name as the public-spirited Birmingham brothers. She wrote to Mr. Richard Tangye, telling about the little girl, and got word promptly back that the child must be the daughter of his cousin. Mr. Tangye, who was knighted about that time and became Sir Richard, wanted to see his new-found cousin, now grown to be a young lady, and early in 1894 she went over to visit him, and spent a year with her English relatives. She found them possessed of lands and palaces galore, and provided with a full set of the apparatus usually attributed to thoroughly qualified fairy godmothers. And as they were very good to her, she had a very good time, and acquired a high regard for her new relations.

A woman is as young as she looks—a man as young as he feels. In a Londoner a simple detail of habit helps the observer to determine how young he feels. Sir Henry Irving let the secret of it out when, in a speech a month or two ago at the cab-drivers annual dinner, he said that he had spent a great part of his life in cabs, and that there was a time when a hansom might have been described as his address, but that was in the days of youth and high spirits, and there came a moment when he dropped the hansom and took up with the growler. The inference from this admission is that a Londoner who prefers hansoms is still young, and that a preference for four-wheelers is a token of maturity.

E. S. MARTIN.

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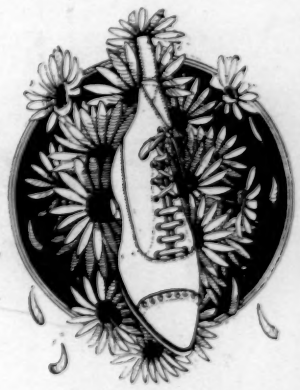

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AMATEUR SPORT

IN A RECENT NUMBER of the *L. A. W. Bulletin and Good Roads* Sterling Elliott has a capital editorial on the status of the racing cyclist, apropos of the objections raised in this department against Class B. Mr. Elliott compares the racing cyclist with the racing horse. Instead of having the line distinguishing amateurs from professionals drawn more sharply, he would have it obliterated. He would do away with Classes A and B, call the cyclists simply "racing-men," and classify them in accordance with their speed, irrespective of their sporting ethics. Mr. Elliott's argument is cleverly made, but it is sophistical. The allusion to horse-racing is particularly unhappy, since one need give the present horse-racing situation but superficial study to appreciate the depths to which professionalism and mercenary motives have sunk it. A careful review of the present status of all professional sport in this country, and the causes that have placed it where it is, should be convincing proof of the advisability of steering clear of that which has ruined it.

THERE IS NOT A BRANCH of professional sport in America to-day that is prospering; there are only one or two that have even life; and once there were many that lived and thrived. There must be good causes for such emphatic and popular disapproval. And they may be summed up briefly—cupidity, dishonesty, scandal, dissolution. Possibly cycling might escape the fate of all the others, but I very much doubt it. Where dollars and cents enter into consideration the essence of sport is certain to be stifled. The trade-mark of the professional is the almighty dollar; that of the amateur is the olive wreath. One engages in sport to make money, the other for sport's sake; it is business with one, recreation with the other.

SO FAR AS THE ABOLITION OF CLASS B is concerned, I agree heartily with Mr. Elliott, and simply because Class B is not what it pretends to be. It assumes to be amateur, whereas it is professional. It is dishonest, in other words, and it is dishonesty that has wrecked all professional sport, and will wreck all amateur sport in which it is tolerated. There is no disgrace in honest professionalism; there is disgrace and inevitable dissolution in dishonest amateurism. I am convinced professional sport of any kind efficiently and honestly managed would prosper. The trouble has been that the keen race for dollars has led to all manner of questionable means of attainment, that have in turn led to eventual degradation. I have criticised the L. A. W. because it has not shown the courage and principle to stand for the right; because it countenances dishonesty by permitting professionals in Class B to masquerade as amateurs. There are no degrees in sporting ethics. A man is either an amateur or a professional. Class B men are salaried riders employed by manufacturers to advertise their wheels; they are trained and sent about the country, and occupy precisely the same position to the world of sport as the members of professional baseball teams. Class B is, I acknowledge, closely looked after by the L. A. W. Racing Board, and this efficient management is the greater argument that a professional class honestly conducted is possible.

Bradley. Stevenson. Crum. Wefers.

L. A. C. *VS.* N. Y. A. C.—START OF THE 100-YARD RACE.

I HAVE NO ARGUMENT TO MAKE against professionals as a class. I believe in the advisability of their existence. Professionalism is the safety-valve of amateur sport. There must always be professionals, and a class should be provided for their exploitation. A man has quite as much license to earn his living riding a wheel as he has to ride a horse in a circus. Efficiency is the only desideratum. But I protest against an organization labelling this sort of man an amateur and dragging him in among those who perform for sport's sake only. I protest against the manner, not the fact, of his existence. The L. A. W. is a powerful body; it can do as much good for amateur sport as it has done harm. And I maintain it is harmful to countenance the dishonesty of Class B. It should declare itself either for amateur or professional cycling; or, if it believes it can govern both, distinguish

(*Continued on page 955.*)

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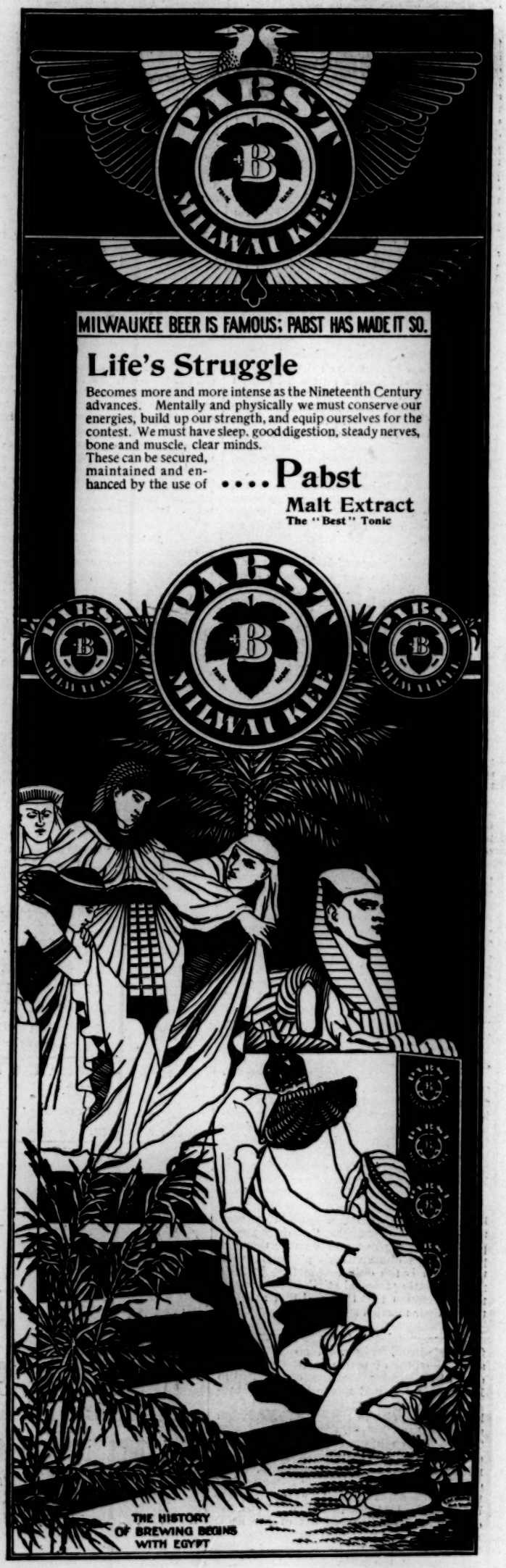
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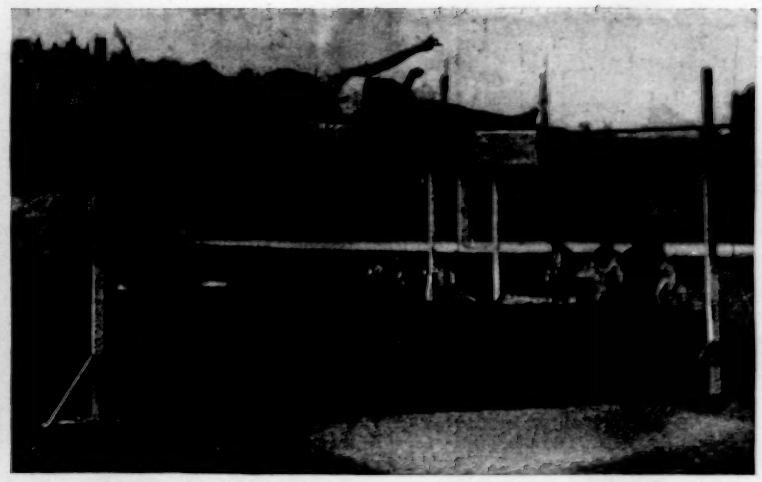
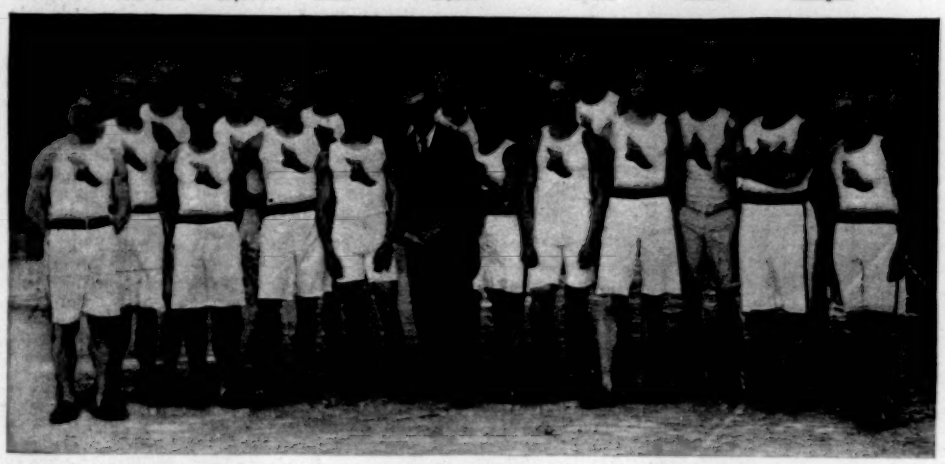


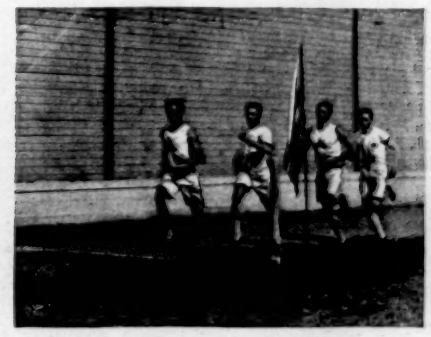
SWEENEY MAKING HIS WORLD-RECORD JUMP, 6 FEET 5 5-8 INCHES.

Wefers. Cross. Kilpatrick. Hickok. Mitchell. Sheldon. Brokaw. Remington. Horan.



Cross. Sands. Cady. Balsazzi. Mike Murphy, Trainer. Orton. Sweeney. Burke. Gray. Connell.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB TEAM.



Lyons. Lewis. Kilpatrick.

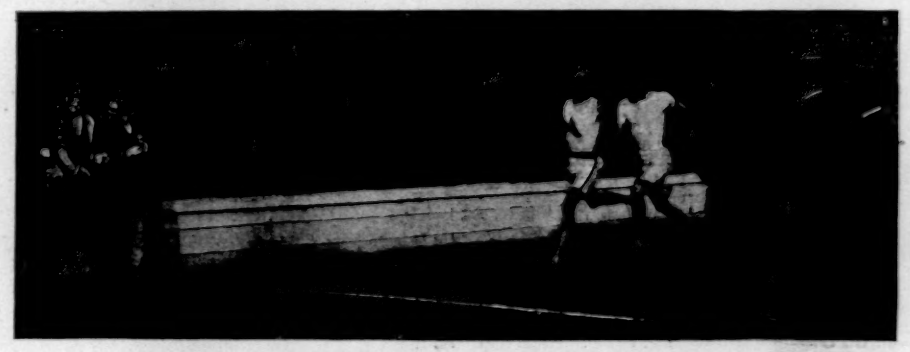
HALF-MILE RACE—END OF FIRST LAP.
Won by Kilpatrick. World's Record Time, 1 min. 53 2-5 sec.

them unequivocally by annulling Classes A and B, and calling them by their rightful names—amateur and professional.

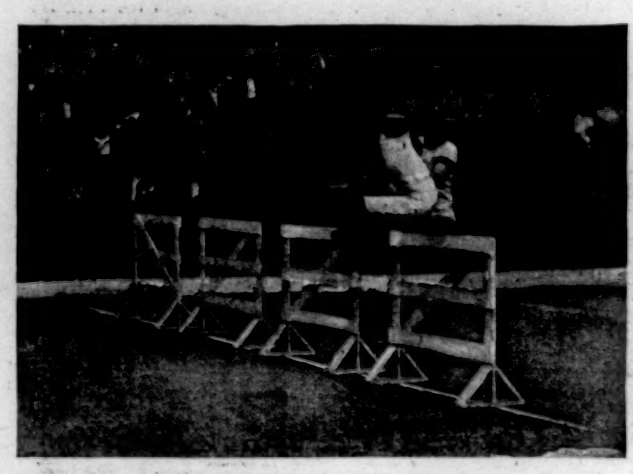
THE RACING BOARD OF THE L.A.W. should have the undivided and earnest support of every individual wheelman and every athletic and bicycling club in the United States in its effort to stop Sunday racing. The day is recognized in America as one on which to suspend the usual entertainments of the week; respect to tradition and sentiment ought to be sufficient to suggest its observance to all right-thinking citizens and clubs. But throwing aside all question of the mere propriety of holding races on that day, the bad policy of flying in the face of popular disapproval should suggest itself to all those that are interested in the continuance of clean sport. Even "promoters" of sporting enterprises cannot be indifferent to the short-sightedness of pursuing a course which a very large majority of the sight-seeing public does not approve. The mere novelty may attract a certain class of Sunday idlers for a time, but this class is not, as a rule, a truly sporting one, nor one that, even in a mere pecuniary sense, pays in the long-run.

THOSE INTERESTED IN THE WELFARE and maintenance of amateur sport must look upon such a departure with apprehension. Considered from any point of view, Sunday athletics are a menace. They do not and cannot attract either the best class of participants or of spectators. The public is apt to regard both entries and onlookers to a Sunday athletic entertainment of questionable status, and clubs and the L.A.W. and A.A.U. cannot afford to be considered the sponsors for such as these. The public may be hoodwinked for a time, but the day of retribution follows swiftly upon the deceit, and then the cause of amateur sport suffers, as it is suffering at present because our club officials lost their heads and threw judgment to the winds in a heated rivalry that recognized no right save might. If the best interpretation of sport for sport's sake had not been ignored, we should not now be commenting on the decadence of track athletics, and be spared the spectacle of men racing as amateurs who ought to be called professionals. If sportsmen had dominated in athletic legislation, and the interests of pure sport had taken precedence over those of trade and the mere winning of points, we should have had no cyclists riding on salary, and no track athletes with no visible means of support other than their athletic prowess.

BUT SPORTSMEN HAVE NOT SWAYED athletic legislation, and amateur sport, so far as racing, cycling, and club track athletics are concerned, has sustained a severe check in the United States. If the setback has convinced legislators that honesty is the best and most enduring policy, there will be much to be thankful for. In track athletics, I believe, the lesson has made converts, and in cycling signs are showing daily of its having borne fruit. We go by "booms" in this country. We had our athletic boom, and it ran its course; we had our cycling boom, and it is



FINISH OF THE QUARTER-MILE BETWEEN BURKE AND JORDAN.
Burke Leading, and Winning in 49 Seconds.



120-YARD HURDLE RACE, WON BY CHASE, 15 2-5 SECONDS.
Chase and Shaw at the last Hurdle, the former Leading.

SOME OF THE SPECTATORS AND A FEW OFFICIALS.

THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB—NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB MEETING, MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

now waning. Once we are settled to a normal condition, and view the situation rationally, I have hopes of American hard sense coming to the rescue and delivering us from all unsoundness, and raising club athletics to a genuine *bona fide* basis along with our college sport.

Meanwhile I commend Chairman Gideon's activity in suspending Class B riders who err in sporting ethics, and heartily endorse his efforts to purge St. Louis of Sunday racing. St. Louis requires drastic treatment. A certain element there has always had a decided bias towards Sunday athletic entertainment, which has not benefited them abroad or locally. Mr. Gideon's task is not an easy one, with the several class distinctions and an L.A.W. that places the supposititious interests of the manufacturer above those of amateur sport, but he seems to be doing the best within the handicap. However, there will come an end to it all after a time, just as every structure has fallen that was reared on an unwholesome basis.

APROPOS OF THE STRUGGLE FOR HONEST SPORT, it is gratifying to turn to the example of the Rugby Football Union in England, which, through a long series of internal disputes and outside pressure, has remained steadfast in its determination to keep its game free from professionalism. Long ago Association football was surrendered to professionals, and the game straightway fell from the position it had held among amateurs. Outside of Oxford and Cambridge there are only a few clubs in all England that support an amateur eleven. Honesty, however, is always deserving of respect, and the Association officials are to be congratulated for surrendering unconditionally when they found themselves too weak to keep their ranks pure. But the Rugby Union has proved stronger. It has resisted all efforts to induce it to harbor a class of men that did not care and could not afford to play for mere sport; it has steadily refused to tolerate professionalism in whole or in part. As a result there has recently been formed a Northern Union of clubs that will pay its players, who are mostly gathered from the working-men (so-called) classes, and will be, in fact, a professional league, just like the Association football and our own baseball leagues. But the Rugby Union has gained a great victory for amateur sport, and saved its game for those that play for pleasure and recreation. All honor to the Rugby Union of England and the sportsmen of its legislative body that believe in sport for sport's sake!

CAMBRIDGE AND YALE COME TOGETHER next Saturday for the first international university athletic meeting that has been held in the United States. We are not likely to see the remarkable performances furnished by the L.A.C.-N.Y.A.C. meeting of two weeks ago, but at least we may have the very comforting feeling that the members of our university team are all Americans, and that there is no borrowing from Ireland and Canada for the purpose of strengthening our forces.

The L.A.C.-N.Y.A.C. games revealed the most skilled athletic work the world had ever seen. Such quality of performance had not before been equalled, and probably will not be again for many years. But when it is considered the struggle chiefly appealed to us as a test between English and American athletes, it is somewhat disconcerting to reflect that Mitchell and Conneff and Gray and Orton are Americans only by adoption; that the first two were Irish champions before they came over here, and the last two learned their game in Canada. Gray and Orton are not even citizens by adoption, but subjects of the Queen, and would have been more properly placed on the L.A.C. team rather than on the N.Y.A.C. It is exasperating, too, that these reflections should be at all permissible, because the N.Y.A.C. team needed none of these accessories to close the day in victory. Shorn of its Irish and Canadian allies the N.Y.A.C. team would nevertheless have won all the events save one.

May we hope that one of these days club managers will view athletic games from a sportsman's point of view rather than from that of an impresario.

THE L.A.C.-N.Y.A.C. MEETING must not be dismissed before I congratulate Cambridge upon being represented by so manly a captain as Frederick Horan. His explanation of the L.A.C. defeat as being "entirely due to the exceptional good form which your men showed," was not only entirely correct, but eminently sportsmanlike. Mr. Horan himself ran with utmost pluck and judgment in the half-mile, and was only beaten because we have in the Union College champion the best half-miler, professional or amateur, of whom there is any authentic record. Mr. Horan's pluck in the contest, and his courtesy and good-humor and spirit of fairness before and after the contest, have won more for him in America than the capture of that half-mile could possibly have done. And Gilbert Jordan shall share honors with Horan in American estimation. We have seen few men so game as this Oxford sprinter, and none to outdo him in sportsmanship both on and off the track. He ran two splendid races, the 220 and 440, faster than his previous best, and he lost them like a sportsman.

RETURNING TO THE CAMBRIDGE-YALE GAMES: Viewed athletically they will certainly be equally as interesting in contest, if not so high class in individual work, while the result is in greater doubt, and the struggles promise therefore to be closer and more exciting. Neither the Cambridge nor the Yale team may, as a whole, be called exceptional. Cambridge might be said to have three answering that description in Horan, Lutyens, and Fitz-Herbert, while Yale has only two who may be so regarded—Hickok and Cross. Four of these men are particularly high-classed—Horan, Fitz-Herbert, Lutyens, and Hickok. But Yale has several first-class men in Richards, Sheldon, and Cady, and the team throughout shows a higher working average than Cambridge. Indeed, notwithstanding Oxford's defeat by Cambridge in their annual sports at Queen's Club this year, a contest between Oxford and Yale would be more interesting and uncertain as to its outcome than it will be between Cambridge and Yale. The strength of Oxford's team was much more evenly distributed, and while they have no Horans or Lutyens, their average is higher, and but for Fry's unexpected loss of the long jump, the dark blue would have come to America. But for Harvard's whimsical attitude, too, we should have had the full strength of the English universities over here, and royal games between Oxford-Cambridge on one side and Harvard-Yale on the other.

STILL, THE COMPETITION between Cambridge and Yale will be very interesting. Of the eleven events on the programme, each is sure of three. Cambridge is certain, unless some accident happen, to win the quarter, the half, and the mile runs, and Yale is equally sure of taking the 100, the hammer, and shot. The 300 and the high jump are the most open, and of these two the 300 is probably the more uncertain. Because of Cady's unsteadiness, both the hurdles must be regarded more or less open, and the broad jump is so considered because Sheldon has been laid up for part of the year, and not able to do himself justice. But of all these open events Yale's chances of winning seem to be the better, except in the 300 yards, which is so even, and the speed of the contestants so little known at the distance, that the odds appear very fairly divided.

The 100 yards will bring Wilding and Gormer-Williams of Cambridge and Richards and either Byers or Burnett of Yale together. Gormer-Williams is a strapping fellow, with a heavy gait that hardly seems susceptible of better pace than 10⅖, which, in fact, is faster than he has shown in public. Wilding is slighter, and ought to be the faster, though he is second string; both are credited with the same time.

RICHARDS, YALE'S FIRST STRING, is, next to Crum, the fastest college sprinter in the country. He is rather an in and out performer, but he ought to have had experience enough by this time for us to depend on him in the coming contest. He showed his top speed in the Intercollegiate championships, when, in the 100 yards, he finished a yard short of Crum in 10 seconds, and again in the 220 yards, when he was two yards behind Crum in 22 seconds. Richards should certainly win the 100 yards, and I rather expect to see the Americans take both places in this event. Richards is also Yale's mainstay in the 300 yards, but of just what he is capable no one can say. He is running in good form, and believed equal to 31⅘. Fitz-Herbert, the English first string, is equally unknown at this distance, though said to have done 32 seconds. Richards can undoubtedly defeat Fitz-Herbert in 220 yards, and Fitz-Herbert can as certainly beat Richards in 440. At 300 their race will be far and away the best of the day. Richards's form for this event suits me better than Fitz-Herbert's, still the fact that the latter has done under 50 for the quarter, and that Richards has never done better than just a trifle under 51, proves Fitz-Herbert to have speed as well as stamina. I incline slightly to Richards, assuming both turn up in condition.

THE QUARTER-MILE WILL GO TO CAMBRIDGE, unless Fitz-Herbert should be very much out of condition. Fitz-Herbert has, in fact, been considerably out of form since a day or so before the L.A.C.-N.Y.A.C. games. The recent wave of heat, which stifled most of us, was particularly severe on him, and while it is likely he will have regained his form by next Saturday, at the same time there is a possibility of his not being sufficiently acclimated, in which event, of course, he would surely be out of it in the 300, and stand a good chance of a beating in the 440 by men ordinarily much his inferior. Yale has no man in the 440 that has done better than 50 sec. Wade's time is 51¼, and Wade just now is showing the best of all the Yale candidates, running in such form that it is not impossible he might get down to 50 sec. But on public performance it seems the greatest interest of the quarter-mile race would be between Wade and Lewin for second place.

The half-mile is safe for Cambridge. Yale has not developed a man who can do better than two minutes, and consequently for Horan, who has 1.55⅖ to his credit, it will be scarcely more than a jog.

THE MILE IS ALSO A SURE THING for Cambridge, *i. e.*, it is generally said to be such, but I believe if Morgan had sufficient strength to set out in the lead from the crack of the pistol, and maintain a good hot pace, he would beat Lutyens. Notwithstanding Lutyens has a record of 4.19¾, whereas Morgan's best time is 4.30, to judge from Lutyens's race of a couple of weeks ago, and from some of his performances on the other side, he seems never to be able to do his best except in running against men he knows to be much inferior. In the Oxford-Cambridge sports he has met men whom it was no effort to beat, and has invariably cut out the lead, and made excellent records, but in some of the club games he has dropped to time no better than Morgan has done on several occasions. Lutyens will unquestionably go into the race on Saturday convinced of winning, and he has a right to the conviction. He ought to win on his form, but I still believe that if Morgan could take the lead from the start and keep up a stiff gait for three-quarters, he would stand a very good chance of crossing the tape first.

ON PUBLIC PERFORMANCES Yale ought, with Cady and Hatch, to take both of the hurdles (120 yards on grass and on cinders). Cady's best time is 16 sec., and Hatch is anywhere from one to two yards slower. Pilkington and Fletcher have neither one of them done so well by two-fifths of a second. Pilkington is pretty fast over the first half-dozen hurdles, but after that seems to lose his speed. Cady is unquestionably the fastest man of the four, but he is so uncertain, that it is impossible to depend on him. It is a very rare thing he finishes safely. He seems to be lacking in both heart and head. If he should manage to stay on his feet throughout the 120 yards he ought to win both on grass and on cinders, and for second place it would be a pretty close race between Hatch and either one of the Englishmen, for the latter are about equal, Fletcher probably a bit the better.

ALTHOUGH SHELDON HAS HAD A BAD HEEL, which has kept him from jumping, and is therefore not in top form, I believe he will win the broad jump. Mendelson, the Cambridge man, is an uncertain performer, besides having a record below Sheldon's. I hardly expect to see Sheldon come within inches of his best, but he may be counted upon to do his utmost under trying conditions.

The high jump is a very uncertain quantity. Thompson and Sheldon represent Yale, and Jennings and Johnson Cambridge. Of the four, Thompson has jumped the highest, 5.10, but cannot be relied upon. Yale had another high jumper by the name of Thompson, whom those back in '79 will remember, and if the present Thompson has his indefatigable nerve, the Englishmen will have to keep going up to take the event. Let us hope that his mantle has descended. The only one on whom we can count is Sheldon, who is good for 5.8 when he is "dead." Johnston cleared 5.8 at the L.A.C.-N.Y.A.C. games, and could not get any higher, and Jennings is said to be an inch better. Johnston's form is very poor and his take-off exceedingly heavy, and it is safe to say that 5.8 is about his limit. Jennings, if he can do as well as they say, may win, and it may be too that Thompson will strike a brilliant day and do the trick for Yale, but the chances seem to be that it will be a hammer-and-tongs contest, and it is in such as this that Sheldon shines.

With Hickok and Cross in the hammer and shot Yale will have a walk-over—and not even interesting.

SUMMING UP, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT a fair estimate of the results would give Yale 6, Cambridge 5—this is making due allowance for Cady's and Thompson's unsteadiness. If both of them should happen to perform up to their form, then Yale's score would be increased by two, giving them 8 to Cambridge's 3. As it is, Cambridge has three sure wins; in all the other events, save the 300 yards, Yale's public performances and the records of her men are much the better, while in the 300 yards the situation is very even, with odds slightly in her favor.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKETERS deserve every compliment for their victory in the second match at Philadelphia. It was their turn to win with the game all against them, and very cleverly they did it, not losing a trick after the first innings, when the score stood 234 to 156 in favor of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. They fielded and bowled capitally when the home players went to the bat a second time, and did so well that Philadelphia was all out for 138. Thus they had to make only 217 runs to win, and this with the wicket still in perfect condition was no impossible task. They performed it with two wickets to spare, after four hours of steady and determined resistance to the Philadelphian attack.

On the other hand, the Philadelphians failed at the supreme moment, as they have failed before, and fell back at Manheim into their old slack-twisted ways. I hear a veteran Philadelphia cricketer remarked at the finish of Monday's play that "it required genius to lose that game." Hardly that. It was only necessary for half a dozen batsmen—for instance, Noble, Wood, Coates, Bohlen, Clark, and Brockie—to lose their nerve and the day went also. Literally speaking, these men contributed almost nothing during the entire match. The runs were made by Patterson and Ralston in the first innings and by Patterson in the second. Yet the wicket was perfect, and it is no disrespect to the English bowling to say that 400 runs could have been made against it in the second innings. However, if men prefer to play bumblepuppy we may not expect much scoring, I suppose.

TO TURN TO A MORE PLEASANT TOPIC, Patterson's two innings of 109 not out and 67 were about the best cricket ever shown by an American, and there is not anything much better to be seen in England. He went in first in both innings, gave no chances, and made only one bad stroke, a high one in the slips on a bumping ball. In both innings he had not only to make runs, but to carry the game on his shoulders, and the form he showed looked fit to baffle any bowling in the world. His accuracy was something marvellous. Ralston, too, played a strong and invaluable innings of 53 on Friday, but with the possible exception of King, nobody else seemed to go in with the idea of making runs. The result of this match does not change my opinion of the relative strength of the two teams. Mitchell's eleven is not in the class of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, but the English boys play their game more neatly. It depends on Philadelphia whether the Haverford game is won or lost. Slack-twistedness will certainly lose, for the collegians have recovered from their Wissahickon funk, and will work hard to earn the rubber.

THE N.Y.A.C. AUTUMN GAMES last Saturday at Travers Island gave the visiting English athletes an opportunity of viewing perfectly appointed club grounds in gala dress, and another chance of trying their skill against the Americans who had vanquished them the week previous. Four L.A.C. men entered—Oakley, Wilkins, Bradley, and Shaw—and of these only Wilkins scored a win, taking the one and a half mile in 6 min. 56⅘ sec. from the 90-yard mark. Certainly Wilkins had little cause to complain of his treatment by the handicapper. Oakley won a trial heat of the 120-yard dash (off 5½ yards) in 12⅘ sec., but got no farther, and, with 4 yards allowance, ran second to Chase in a heat of the hurdles—.15⅘. A very exciting race was expected when Chase and Shaw met for the second time over the 120-yard hurdles, but it was not so close as on Manhattan Field. Both were on scratch, and got away well, but Chase drew away rapidly, and, clearing the hurdles in beautiful form, won handily by six yards in 15⅘ seconds. This is the same time he made September 21st, but on Saturday he knocked down no hurdles, and will consequently be given the word's record he has doubly earned. If any one ever really makes Chase extend himself, this record will be lowered another ⅕ second. Without Wefers entered, Bradley was believed a likely winner of the 50-yard dash, but he was too slow at the start, and though closing rapidly at the finish, Stage beat him out by six inches in 5⅖ seconds, and Bloss was but a couple of inches behind Bradley.

Wefers saved himself for the 300 yards, and to good advantage, for he showed as rare a turn of speed at this distance as he had a week before in the 220, and won by three yards from Sands (off two-yard mark) in 31½ seconds, another world's record, this one supplanting Myers's .31⅘ made in '81. Best English time is .31½, made by Wood in '87. Brokaw, with handicap 4 yards, ran a good race, finishing one yard behind Sands. To have made two world's records (220 yards, .21⅘, and 300 yards, .31½), and equalled another (100 yards, .9¾) within the week is remarkable going.

The half-rater international challenge trophy remains in America, *Ethelwynn* defeating *Spruce IV*. Comment next week.

POLO CHAMPIONSHIP.

Myopia vs. Country Club of Westchester, September 24th. Summary:

FIRST PERIOD.

Goal. Myopia (Gardner). Time, 3 minutes.
Safety by Westchester.

SECOND PERIOD.

Goal. Westchester (L. Waterbury). Time, 5 minutes.
" Myopia (Agassiz). " 3½ "
" " (Gardner). " 3 "
" Westchester (L. Waterbury). " 6 "
Safety by Myopia.
" " Westchester.

THIRD PERIOD.

Twenty minutes' play—no goal.
Final score—Myopia, 2⅗; Westchester, 1⅗.

Rockaway vs. Myopia, September 27th. Summary:

FIRST PERIOD.

Goal. Rockaway (Keene). Time, 5 minutes.
" " " " 6 "
Safety by Myopia (Agassiz).

SECOND PERIOD.

Goal. Myopia (Gardner). Time, 13⅕ minutes.
" Rockaway (Keene). " 1⅗ "
" Myopia (Gardner). " 1⅗ "
" " " " 1 minute.
Score—Rockaway, 3; Myopia, 2⅗.

THIRD PERIOD.

Goal. Myopia (Shaw). Time, 13⅕ minutes.
" " (Fay). " 4⅕ "
Safety by Rockaway (Cowdin).

Final score—Myopia, 4⅗; Rockaway, 2⅗. Referee—H. L. Herbert. Periods, 20 minutes each.

Lack of space necessitates deferring comment until next week.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE."—(With Illustrated Chapters on GOLF.)—By Caspar W. Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

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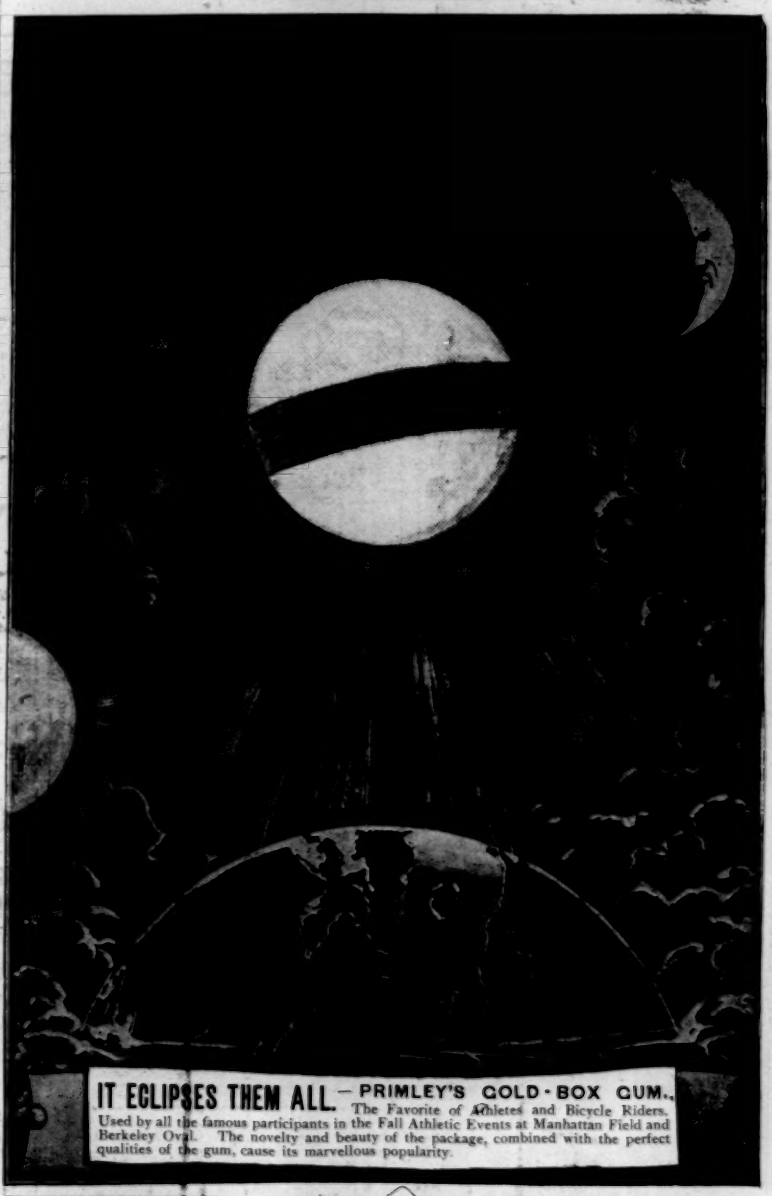

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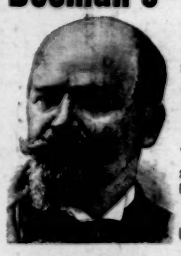

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